

# COOKIE

№25  
JUNE-  
JULY

10¢

*The Funniest Kid in Town...*

JEEPERS---WOT'S  
WITH YOUR DAD?  
I THOUGHT HE **LIKED**  
TELEVISION!





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# FASCINATING NOVELTIES! SEND TODAY!

AMAZING! SENSATIONAL! FUN!

Hello!  
I'm **SANDY!**  
I drink I wet I sleep  
and you can  
**WAVE MY  
HAIR!**

I have  
**RUBBER  
WONDERSKIN!**

**TERRIFIC  
VALUE!**

only  
**3.98**

complete

**SEND NO MONEY**

(C.O.D. you pay postage.  
Remit with order, we pay postage.)

**RUSH YOUR  
ORDER TODAY!**

**NEW!**



**AMAZING!**

**FREE  
HAIR  
WAVE  
KIT!**

**SENSATIONAL DRINK  
AND WET DOLL** in  
washable rubber **WON-  
DERSKIN** with life-like  
hair and realistic hair-wave  
kit complete with... plastic  
curlers, rubber waving  
bands, waving end  
papers, plastic comb and...  
bottle of doll hair lotion.  
**ADORABLE SANDY**, 11  
inches tall, has sparkling  
blue eyes that open  
and close — she  
drinks from her  
bottle with rubber  
nipple (included)  
and then wets her  
diaper. You can bathe her  
— move her cuddly arms,  
legs and head — make her  
stand, walk and sleep.

## GLORIOUS **BLONDIE** WONDER DOLL WITH "RUBBER SKIN"



- 13 Inches High
- Lifelike Appearance
- She Can Be Washed
- She Has Moving Eyes

Here she is now, that **CUDDLY, HUG-  
GABLE**, love-me baby **Gorgeous Blondie**.  
She is 13" high and her soft, smooth body  
is of **REAL RUBBER WONDERSKIN**.  
Every little mother will want Blondie for  
her carriage. She's got Blondie curls aplenty,  
and they're thick and long just like real  
hair. Blondie's hair can be put up in ribbons  
at night and tuck her in bed and watch her  
long lashes sleepily close those big blue eyes.  
She rests soundly till her next day of  
fun. Every child will have the time of  
her life giving her body a bath and  
powdering her soft, baby **RUBBER  
WONDERSKIN**. She comes dressed in bright  
**BIRTHDAY PARTY** dress, cute panties,  
shoes and stockings. Wonderful, beautiful,  
amazing dolly is yours for this unbelievably  
low price. **SEND NO MONEY**. Remit with  
order and we pay postage or order C.O.D.  
plus postage.

**EVERYBODY LOVES ME...  
WON'T YOU?**

**IMAGINE \$2.98  
ONLY 2 complete**

**YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
READ MUSIC!  
NO PRACTICING OR  
EXERCISE NEEDED!**

**TUNE  
KING!**



**SWING  
ACCORDIAN**

PLAY ALL THE POPULAR SONGS—



Only  
**2.98**

Complete With  
**FREE**  
Instruction Book.

- Authentic Piano Keyboard
- Lifetime Vinylite Bellows
- Carefully-Tuned Brass Reeds
- All-Plastic Construction

Simple to play, great fun to use, the **TUNE-KING** Swing Accordion will make  
every boy & girl or adults the life of every party. This all-plastic accordion plays  
the full scale and chords with a beautifully sweet tone. The ivory-colored,  
authentic piano-accordion keyboard simplifies playing—and makes your friends  
think you're an accomplished artist. Streamlined plastic case has the rich  
appearance of a fine instrument. To "top it off", plastic handle-neck and  
thumb straps assure gentle touch, non-slip playing. **FREE**: An instruction book  
that simplifies accordion playing in a few short hours. A song sheet with  
popular favorites and old-time get-together songs. **SEND NO MONEY!** Remit  
with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.



**THE FIGHTING CLOWN**

Hey kids! Here's real fun, lots of  
action, real sport with **PUNCHO**—  
colorful, lively, animated punch-  
ing bag. Knock it down, it always  
comes back at you for more! An  
ideal tackling dummy—wrestling  
partner—sparring partner. Punched  
against a wall it becomes a rapid  
punching bag. Perfect as an exer-  
ciser and trainer, indoors or out.  
Made of extra heavy long lasting  
vinylite, over 32 inches  
tall, with metal valve for  
easy inflation. **SEND NO  
MONEY**. (C.O.D. you pay  
postage. Remit with order,  
we pay postage.)

only  
**\$2.98**

**RUSH YOUR  
ORDER TODAY!**

**FAST PUSH-BUTTON POWER CAR!**

**ALL ELECTRIC REMOTE  
CONTROL  
1951 AUTO SENSATION!**

- Driven By Powerful Remote Control
- Powered with Electric Mini-Motor
- Latest All Electric Marvel
- Balloon-type Rubber Tires



**IT  
STARTS!  
REVERSES!  
STOPS!  
STEERS!**

Imagine  
only  
**\$3.49**  
COMPLETE!

The greatest new electrical toy since the electric trains.  
**REMOTE CAR** is a thrillingly realistic scale model, made of  
colorful shining plastic. It runs and steers by remote control  
— no wind-up or friction motor, but an **ALL-ELECTRIC PRE-  
CISION-MADE MOTOR**, powered by 2 long lasting flashlight  
batteries. Push the magic reostat button, and you really make  
things happen. Here's real action to fascinate every child, and  
daddy too. **RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!** **SEND NO MONEY!**  
Remit with order and we pay postage, or C.O.D. plus postage.

**SEND  
COUPON!**

**NOVELTY MART, Dept. 510A**  
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:  
Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

- ☐ Sandy..... 3.98 ☐ Blondie..... \$2.98
- ☐ Puncho .....2.98 ☐ Remote Car.....3.49
- ☐ Accordion .. \$2.98

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_









WELL, YOU CAN GO RIGHT AHEAD AND **CHASE** YOUR SPIES! **I'M** GOING TO FIND ME SOMEONE WHO'LL GO INTO A BUSINESS WHERE HE'LL FIND TIME FOR HIS **HOME AND WIFE!**

POOH, WHAT'S **MONEY?**

BUT **ANGEL!** I WAS ONLY THINKIN' OF A WAY TA MAKE **BIG MONEY!**



OH, SURE---WOT'S **MONEY?** IF **I** HAD A RICH OLD MAN LIKE HERS, I COULD STICK ME SNOOT IN THE AIR TOO AN' SAY WOT'S---

**CLAM UP, YOU!** DON'T CALL **HER** NOSE A SNOOT!

TAKE IT **EASY, COOK!**



YEAH, LIKE HE SAID! BE QUIET OR GET OUT ---I CAN'T HEAR MY CUSTOMERS' REQUESTS!

TCH, TCH! SOOCH **VOOLGARITY!**



YESSIR, THAT'LL BE \$8.00!

HEY--- GET A LOAD OF THE GUY WITH ALL THE GOODIES!

HMMM --- SOME DAME IS GONNA BE **HAPPY!**



Y'KNOW---MAYBE **ANGEL'S RIGHT!** WOMEN **GO** FOR THAT FLOWERS AN' CANDY STUFF---AN' IF YER HUNTIN' SPIES, YA CAN'T---

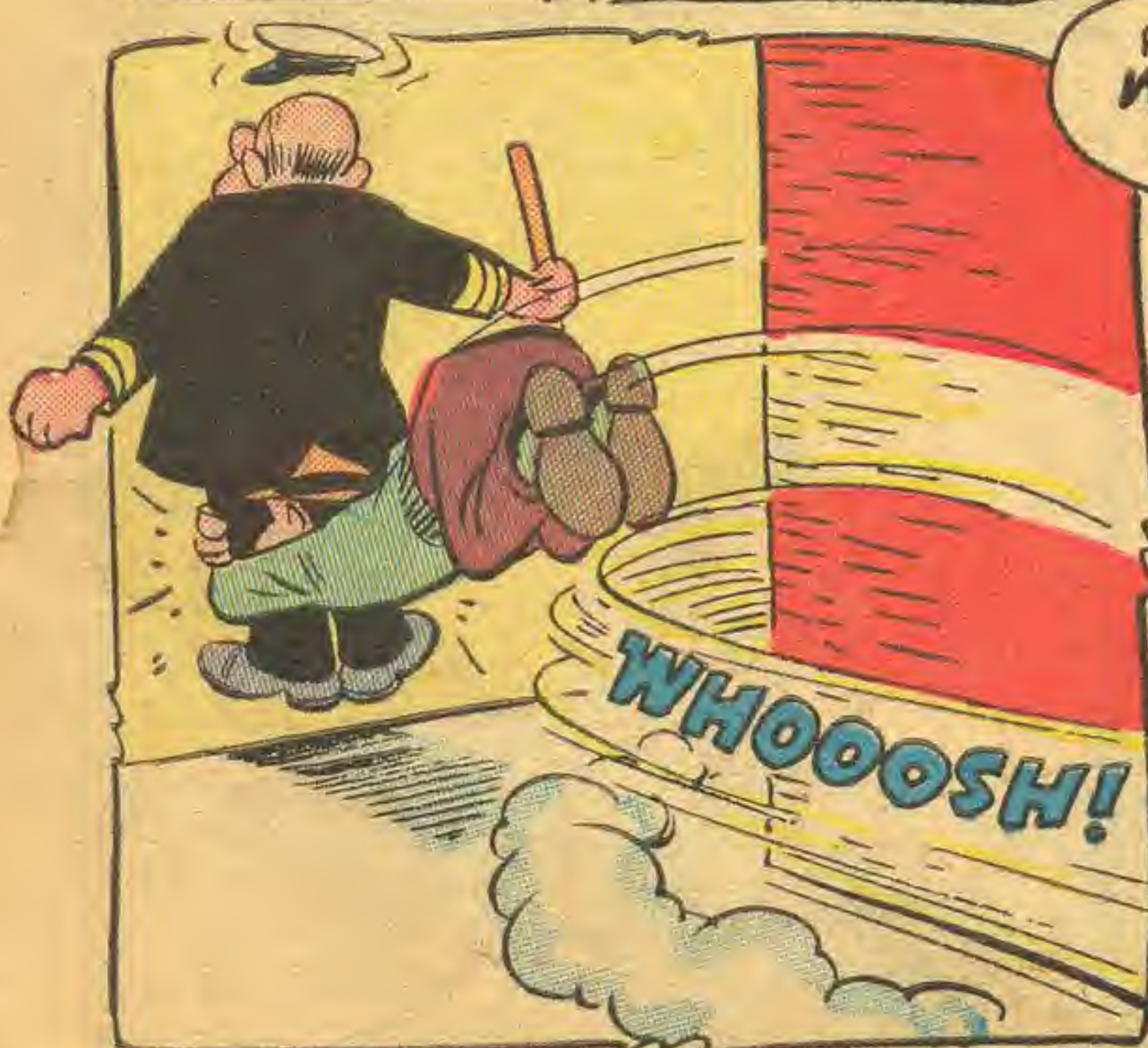
HI, **GUYS!**



JEEPERS, COOKIE, YA SHOULDA SEEN THE SLICK CHARACTER THAT JUST GOT INTO THE CAR WITH ANGELPUSS AN' HER OL' MAN!

DID---DID HE HAVE **FLOWERS AN' CANDY?**







BUT COOKIE, **LISTEN!** YA'LL ONLY MAKE THINGS **WORSE** BY GOIN' UP TO HER HOUSE AN' MAKIN' A FUSS!

WELL, I CAN'T JUST STAND HERE AN' LET THAT PHONEY MAKE WOO TA MY GIRL! ...HOW DO I KNOW HE ISN'T **MARRIED** ALREADY OR SOMETHIN'!

HEY, YOU JUST SAID SOMETHIN' THAT MIGHT **SOLVE** THIS THING!

YEAH? WOT WAS **THAT?**

ABOUT HIM BEIN' **MARRIED!** IT'D BE PRETTY EMBARRASSIN' FOR **HIM** IF A WIFE AN' CHILD **DID** SHOW UP, HUH, KID? **GET IT?**

**I GET IT...** BUT I DON'T **LIKE** IT! BUT IF WE HAFTA, WE HAFTA ... I GUESS ...

**IN THE MEANTIME, LEAVE US VISIT ANGEL'S HOUSE!**

HURRY, MOTHER, OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE CONCERT!

MY DAUGHTER AND I MUST RUSH OFF! BUT THANK YOU AGAIN FOR THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS AND CANDY!

ADIOS, SEÑORITA!

AH, SEÑOR...YOUR WIFES AND DAUGHTAIR, SHE ARE VEREE GAWGEOUS, NO?

YES...YES...BUT NOW, SHALL WE GET DOWN TO THE BUSINESS OF THE **CONTRACT**, SEÑOR SCHMOOZI?

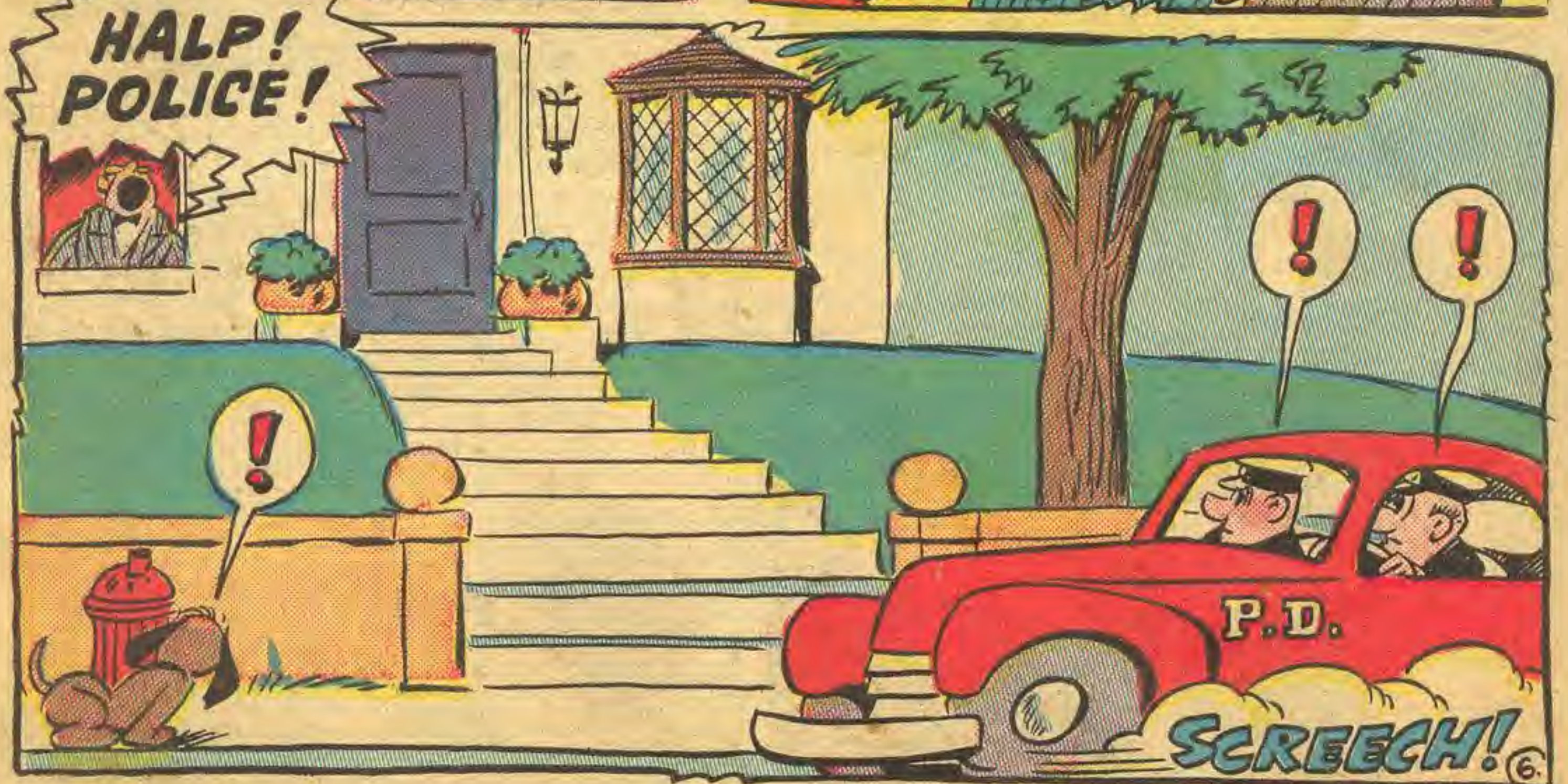
AH, YOU AMERICAN MEN...ALWAYS IT IS **BEEZINESS FIRST!** BUT IN **MY** CONTREE, IT IS FIRST THE CHARMING WOMANS AND **THEN** THE BEEZINESS AFFAIRS, NO?

ER...I SUPPOSE SO! BUT THE... ER... CONTRACT...?











AN' WOT'S **THIS**  
ALL ABOUT, MR.  
WITHERSPOON?

WELL---THIS GENTLEMAN REPRESENTS  
A COCOS ISLAND FIRM THAT I WAS  
ABOUT TO DO BUSINESS WITH---  
WHEN THIS WOMAN AND---

HEY, **THIS** AIN'T  
NO **DAME!**---IT'S  
A **KID WITH A**  
**WIG!**



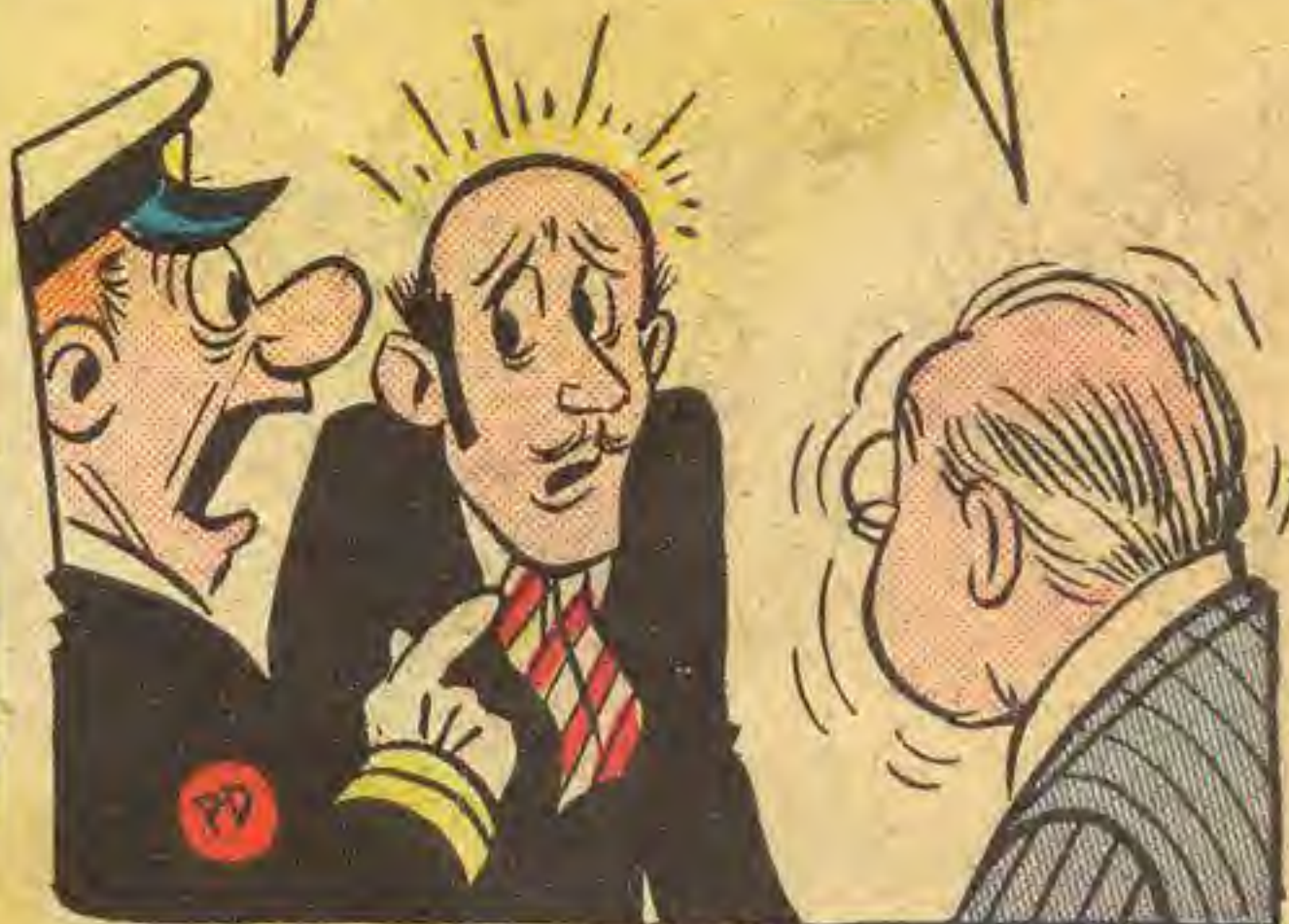
**JITTERBUCK!** AND  
**COOKIE!** WHAT'S THE  
MEANING OF  
**THIS?**

AW, GEE, MR.  
WITHERSPOON!  
YA SEE---WE  
THOUGHT---

BEGORRA,  
**THIS** GUY'S  
WEARIN' A  
WIG **TOO!**

**IT'S BALDY**  
**BERT, THE**  
**BOND**  
**BURGLAR!**

WHY, THAT'S  
**IMPOSSIBLE!**  
HE---HE JUST  
SIGNED A  
CONTRACT---



IT'S RIGHT HERE  
IN MY SAFE, AND  
---**MY BONDS!**  
**I'VE BEEN**  
**ROBBED!**

TAKE IT **EASY**, SIR!  
HERE THEY ARE! YA SEE,  
I WAS RIGHT--- THIS  
GUY **IS** A CROOK!

BOYS, I DON'T KNOW  
**HOW** TO THANK YOU!  
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR  
**YOU**, THAT THIEF WOULD  
HAVE GOTTEN AWAY  
WITH MY BONDS!

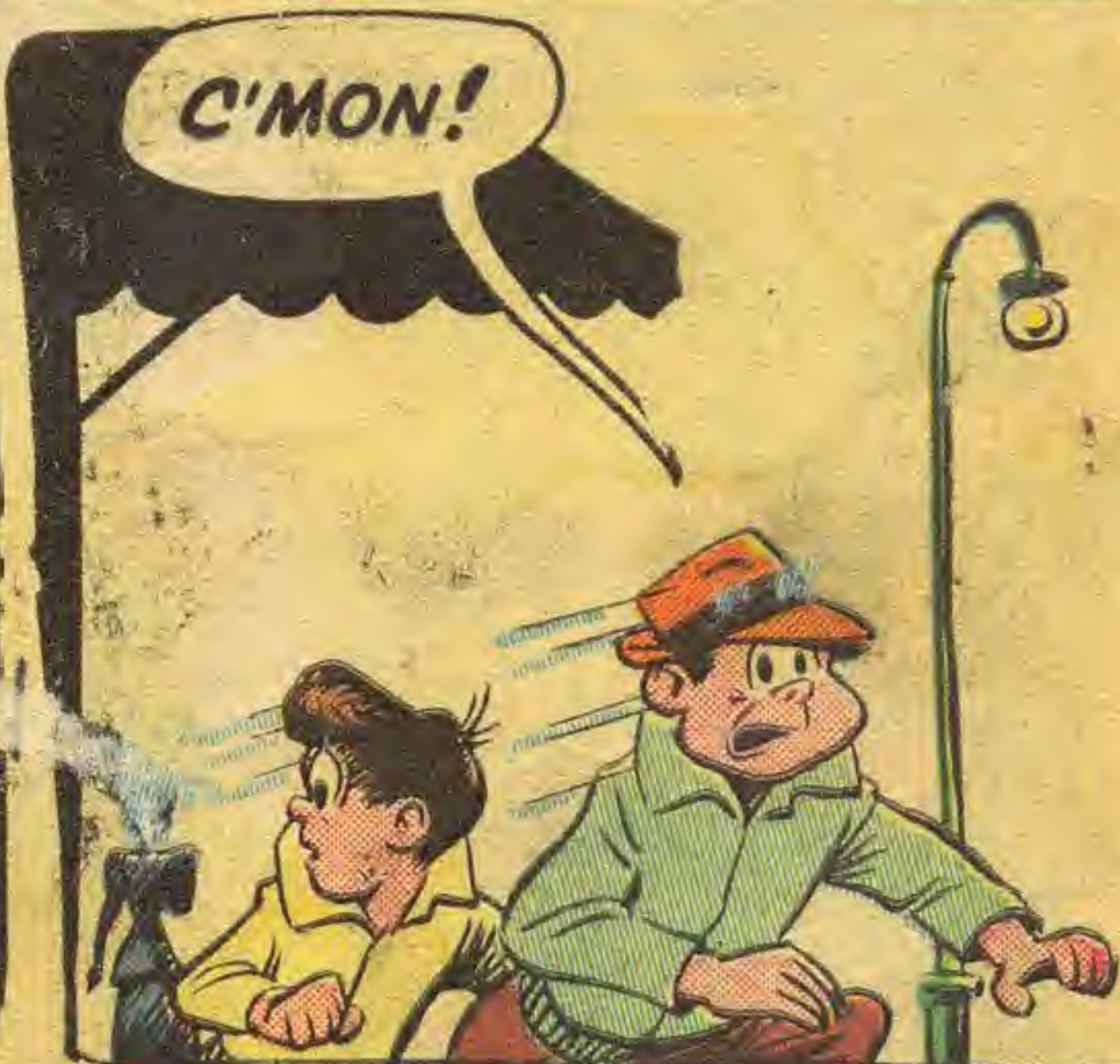
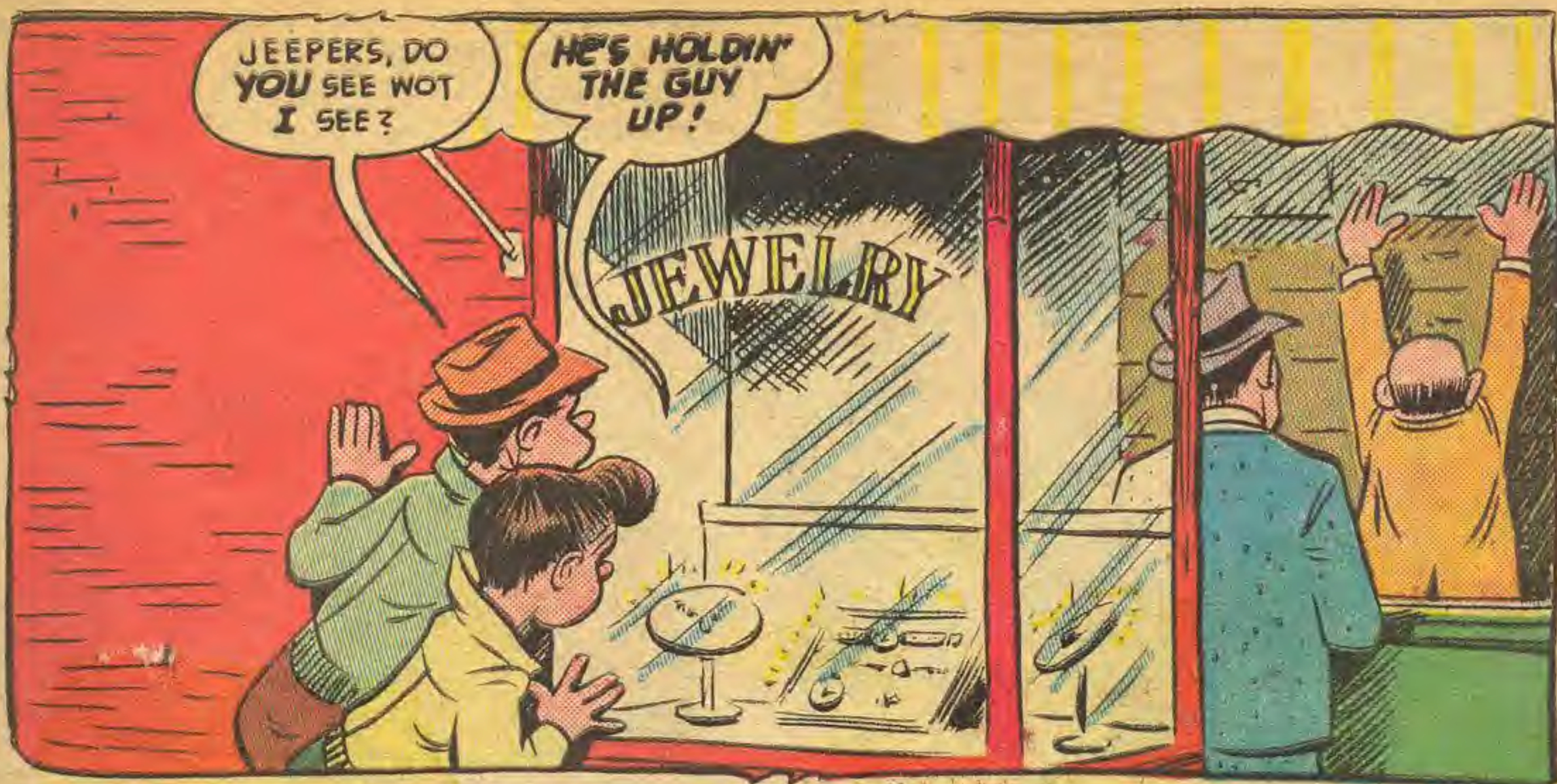
AW, FORGET IT,  
SIR---BUT WILL  
YA PUT IN A GOOD  
WORD WITH ANGEL  
FOR **COOKIE?** YA SEE,  
SHE'S A LITTLE SORE  
AT HIM BECAUSE HE  
SAID HE WANTED TA  
BE A **PRIVATE**  
**EYE** WHEN HE  
GROWS UP!

















HELLO! SAY, I THINK I HAVE **JUST** THE PARTIES YOU NEED TO KEEP AN EYE ON THAT CHARACTER!

OH, THAT'S **WONDERFUL!**

---AND I FIGURED WITH **THEM** WATCHING THINGS AT THE JOINT, IT'D GIVE **US** A CHANCE TO CARRY OUT **OUR** PLANS FOR TONIGHT! I WANT YOU TO ASSIGN THEM TO THEIR DETAIL--- THEN GET DOWN HERE AND MEET ME!

**GULP!**

OKAY, **BOYS**, HERE'S THE ADDRESS OF YOUR FIRST CLIENT! THERE WON'T BE **TOO** MUCH DANGER IF YOU KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! BE CAREFUL---AND DO A GOOD JOB!

Y-Y-YESSIR!

ER---WOT D'YA THINK, JIT? THINK IT'S WISE FER US TO GO **THROUGH** WITH THIS?

WE **G-GOTTA** ---WE GAVE HIM OUR **WORD!** B-BESIDES, ALL WE HAFTA DO IS **WATCH** SOME CHARACTER!

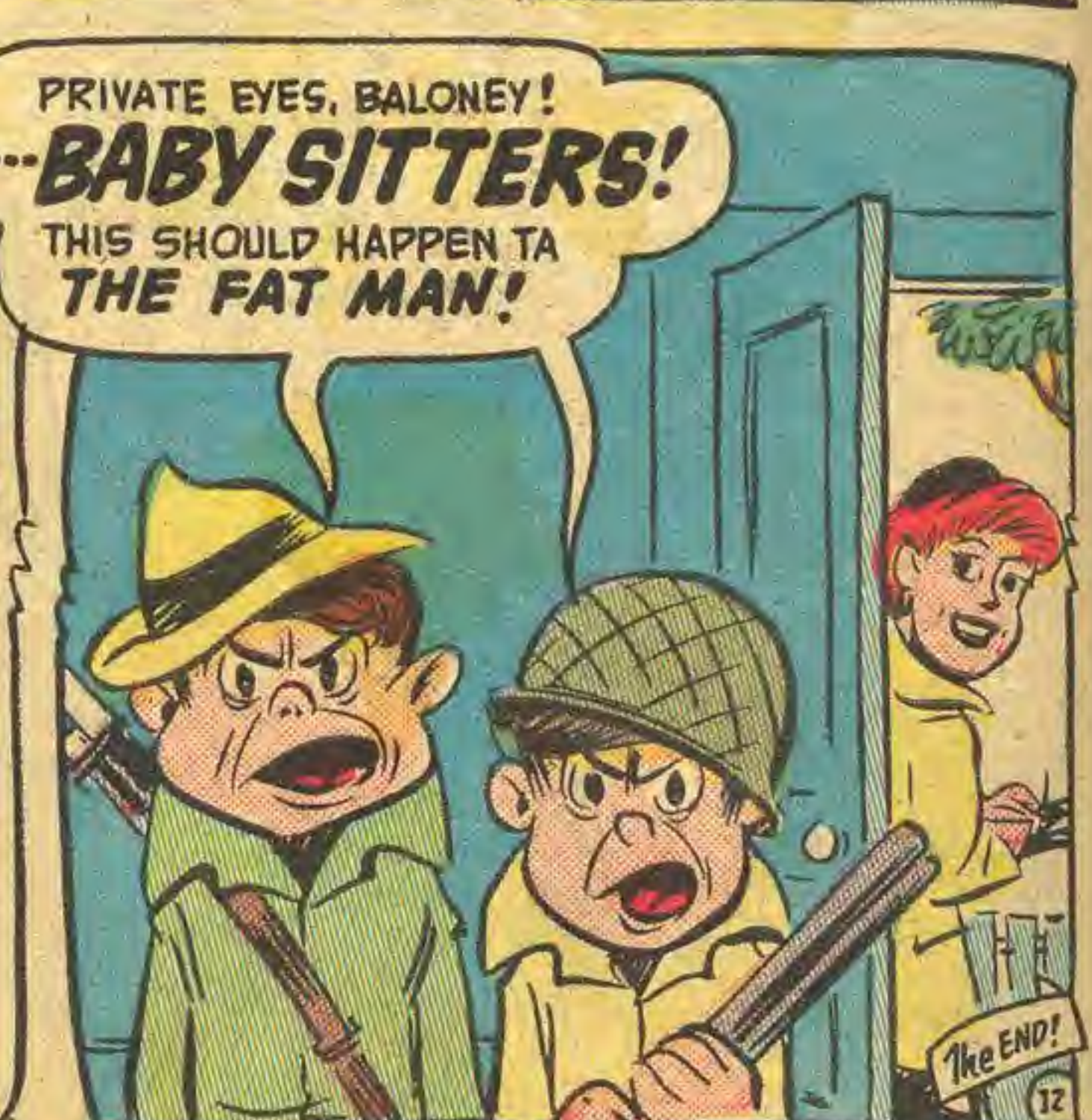
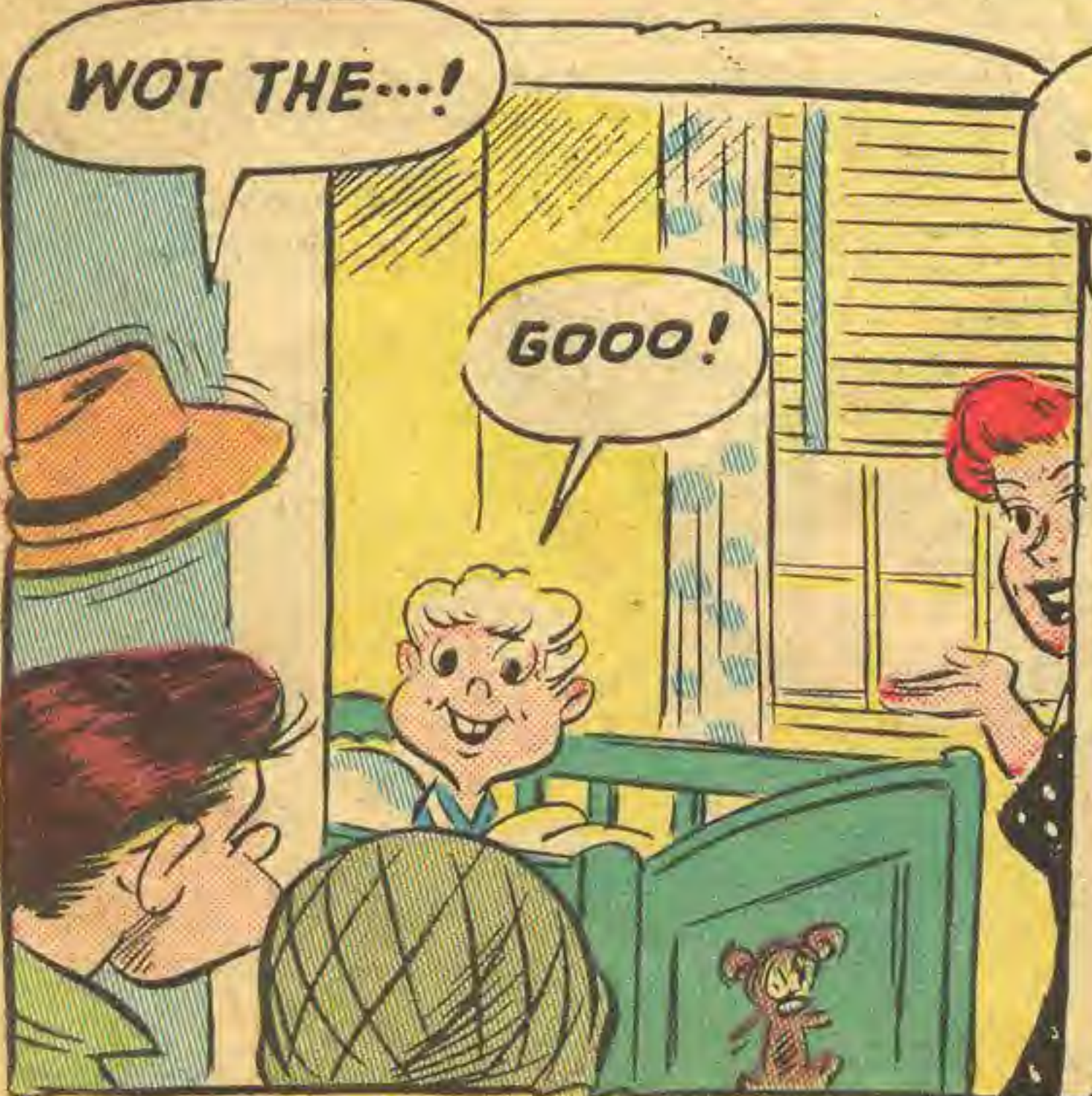
YEAH---BUT SUPPOSE HE'S A **MURDERER!** WE HAVEN'T ANY G-GUNS OR ANYTHING!

**GULP!** THAT'S **RIGHT!**

LOOK, YOU GO GET YOUR POP'S SHOTGUN AN' I'LL GET MY TWENTY-TWO, AN' I'LL MEET YA HERE!

**RIGHT!**







# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



## "LASSOING THE LION"



CIRCUS-TIME AGAIN, FELLAS! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT ELEPHANT!

I'M GLAD THOSE BARS ARE BETWEEN ME AND THAT LION THERE... HE SURE IS HUNGRY-LOOKING!



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ABOUT TO MOVE ON, WHEN SUDDENLY...

GET THE TRAINER... THEN FOLLOW ME, BOYS!



ROYAL JETS OFF AFTER THE ESCAPED LION...

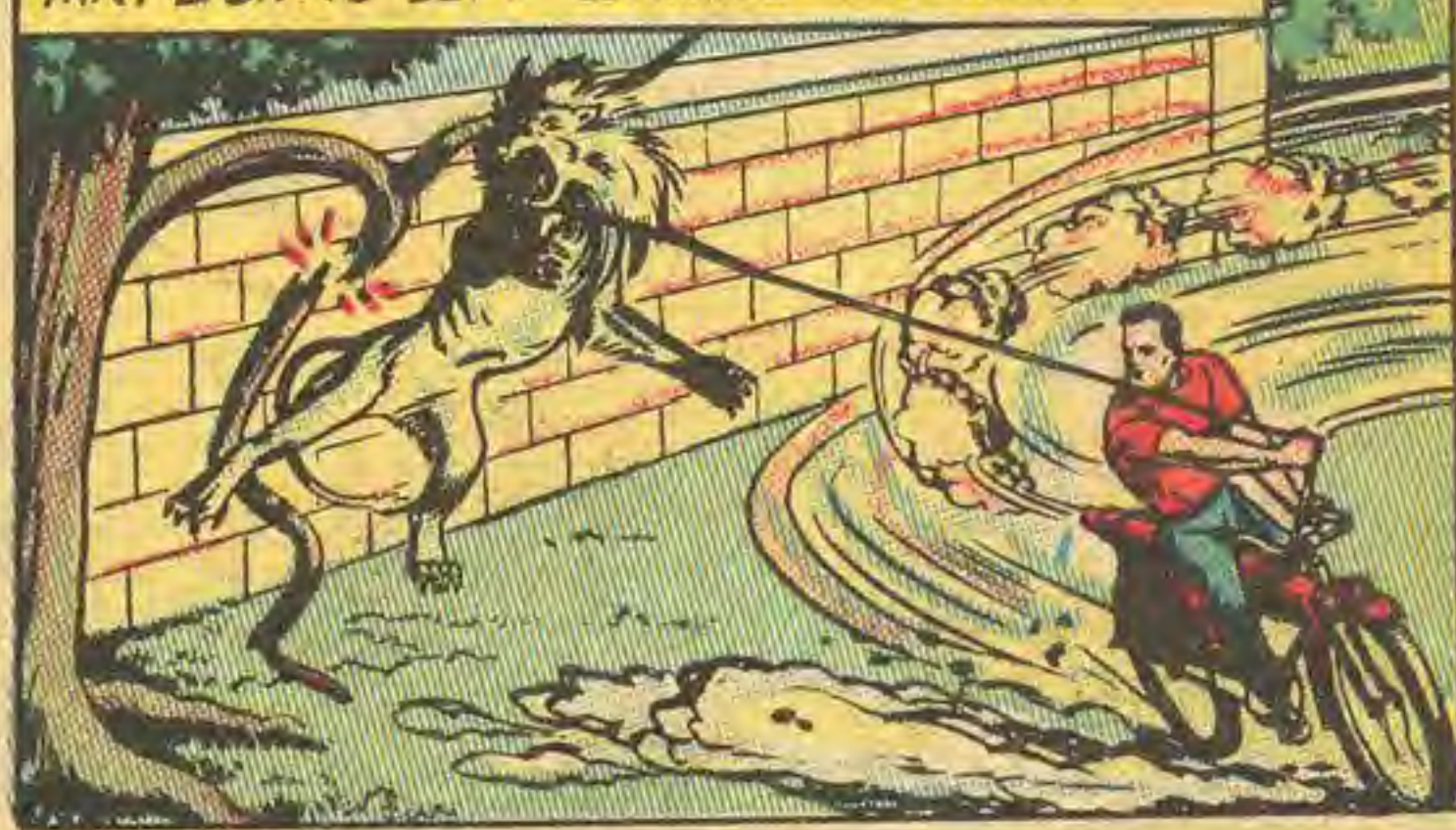
HE'S HEADING FOR THE ORPHANAGE WALL! GOTTA HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE HE GETS INSIDE!



THE HUNGRY BEAST CROUCHES FOR THE SPRING!



... BUT ROYAL'S LASSO HITS ITS MARK... AND MR. LION IS LEFT CLAWING THE AIR!



AND SOON...

I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN TO THAT LION IN TIME!

I'M MIGHTY GLAD I WAS RIDING ON U.S. ROYALS... THEY ALWAYS SAVE TIME!

...AND THIS TIME THEY SAVED LIVES!



BOYS, WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED FOR **SPEED PLUS SAFETY!** DON'T TAKE CHANCES... GET THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN TOP CONTROL COUNTS, YOU CAN COUNT ON U.S. ROYALS, WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL.



IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.

## U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of  
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



# TAKE A Message

JITTERBUCK JONES entered the house like a young cyclone, tossing his things wherever they might fall. He then made straight for the kitchen, where milk and doughnuts awaited him.

"Hi, mom," he said, between enormous bites of doughnuts, "what's new?"

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Jones was distracted, as she flavored a roast for dinner. "A girl called you just a few minutes ago, but I'm afraid I didn't get her name. We had a poor connection."

Jit's ears quivered nervously. "Girl?" he squeaked. "Did it sound like Amy? Claire? Louise? Helen? Barbara? What'd she want? What'd she say?"

"I told you, dear, that I couldn't hear her very well," Mrs. Jones explained patiently. "I'm sure it was nothing important, and if it was, she'll call again."

Jit regarded his mother in silent horror. This was great, just *great*! It might have been very important, how did she know? Sure, if it had been one of the ladies of the garden club or something, she'd have known who it was! But just because it was a girl for him—

Jit's feeling of irritation mounted steadily. In addition to anger at his mother's lack of feeling, he was curious to know who had called. Stationing himself at the phone, Jit began a series of calls. He phoned every girl he had mentioned. Then, he phoned every girl he could think of. Then, just to be on the safe side, he phoned a couple of strangers.

But each and every girl had the same thing to say. "Why, no, I didn't call you, Jit. It must have been somebody else!"

"Somebody else . . . somebody else! Yeah . . . but *who*?" As the hours passed, Jit lost all interest in everything but the mysterious caller. He neglected his homework, picked feebly at his dinner, and wore a look of pained concentration all evening.

Long after everyone was asleep, Jit tossed in his bed, filled with furious frustration. "To think that my own mother did this to me!" he fumed. "I've got a good mind to leave home!" He toyed with this delightful idea until day came.

The sleepless night left Jit in no condition for school. It was a weary-eyed, bleary-eyed boy who tottered into the classroom, yawning and miserable. As he sank into his seat, a sharp voice, which seemed to be coming through its owner's nose, snapped at him,

"Well, I must say you're rude, Jitterbuck Jones! You never even returned my call yesterday. And I wanted you to come over to my house last night!"

Jit's eyes popped open. He stared at the speaker, Miss Honoria Bibble, the class pest, as unattractive a specimen of womanhood as ever walked the face of the earth. Miss Bibble was considered the girl most likely to be avoided by all the boys in school.

"I . . . I didn't get your message!" Jit answered. And suddenly, he felt a surge of gratitude toward his wonderful mom, his loving mom. She had saved him from Honoria Bibble!

Mrs. Jones was most surprised that afternoon to receive a small bottle of perfume from her loving son. With it was a note expressing his undying gratitude and love. "I tell you," she remarked that evening to Mr. Jones, "the more I see of Jitterbuck, the less I understand him!"



# Angelpuss

HONESTLY, WITHERSPOON, DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THE YOUTH OF TODAY? LISTEN TO THOSE BOYS WHISTLING AT THE GIRLS...CAN YOU IMAGINE DOING ANYTHING LIKE *THAT* WHEN *WE* WERE YOUNG?



ER...NO, YOUR HONOR! WE DIDN'T WHISTLE!



THE FAULT LIES WITH THEIR *PARENTS*, I'D SAY! THESE BOYS AND GIRLS SPEND TOO MUCH OF THEIR TIME AWAY FROM HOME...IN THE *MOVIES*! AND THE MOVIES, YOU KNOW, HAVE A *TREMENDOUS* INFLUENCE ON THEIR BEHAVIOR!

OH, MAYOR, I DON'T THINK IT'S *THAT* BAD! WHY, I...

GOOLA GOOLA

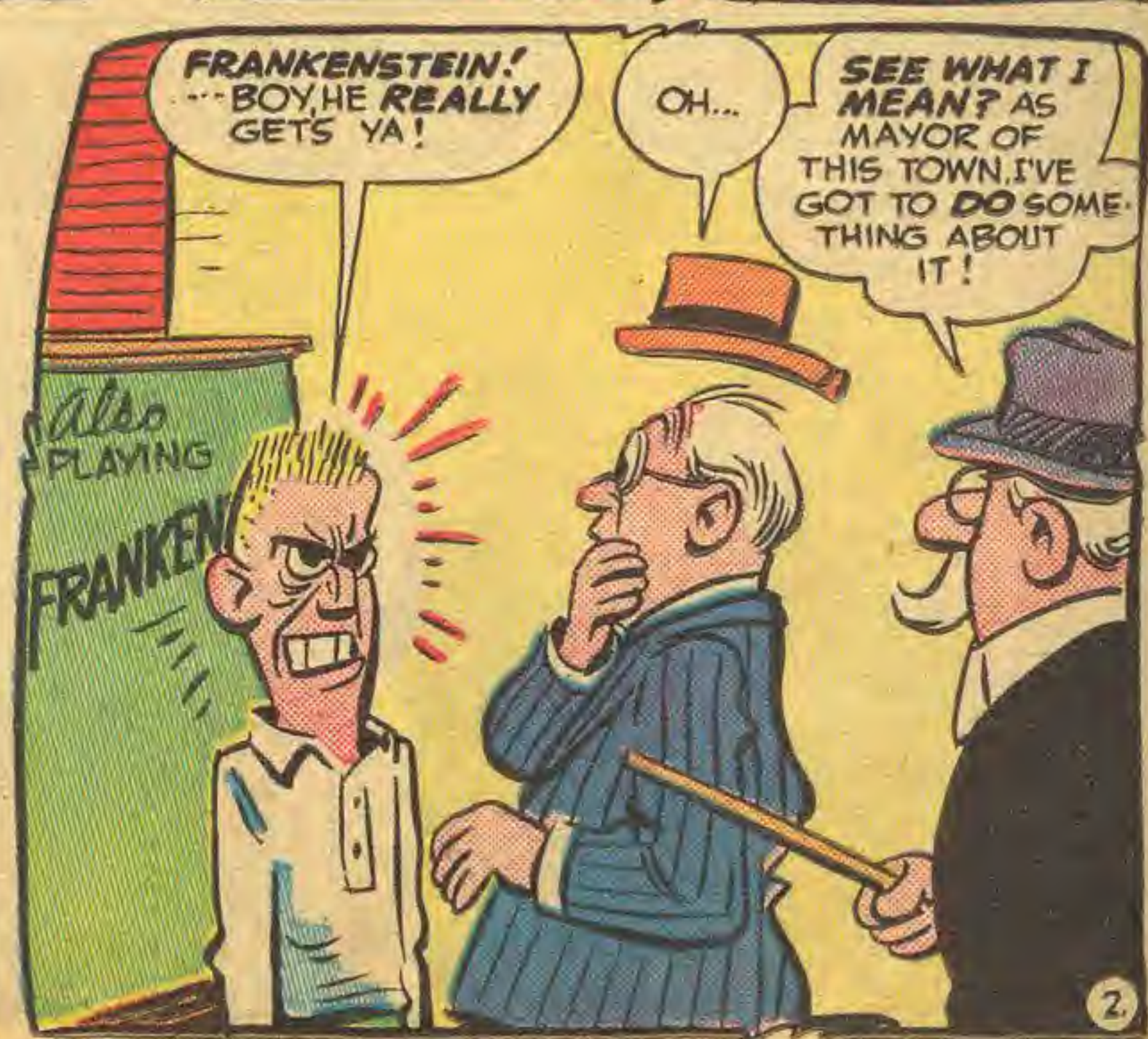
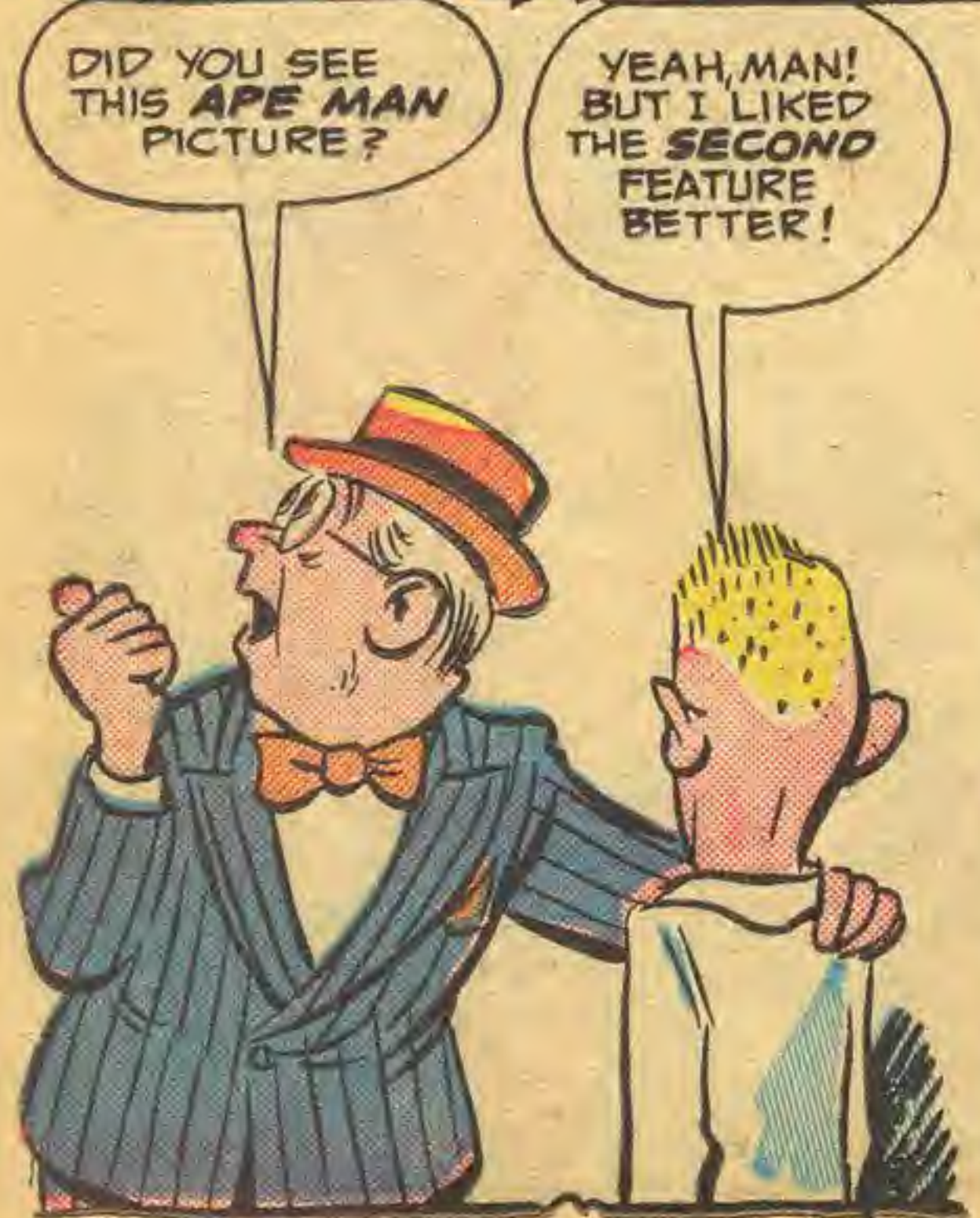
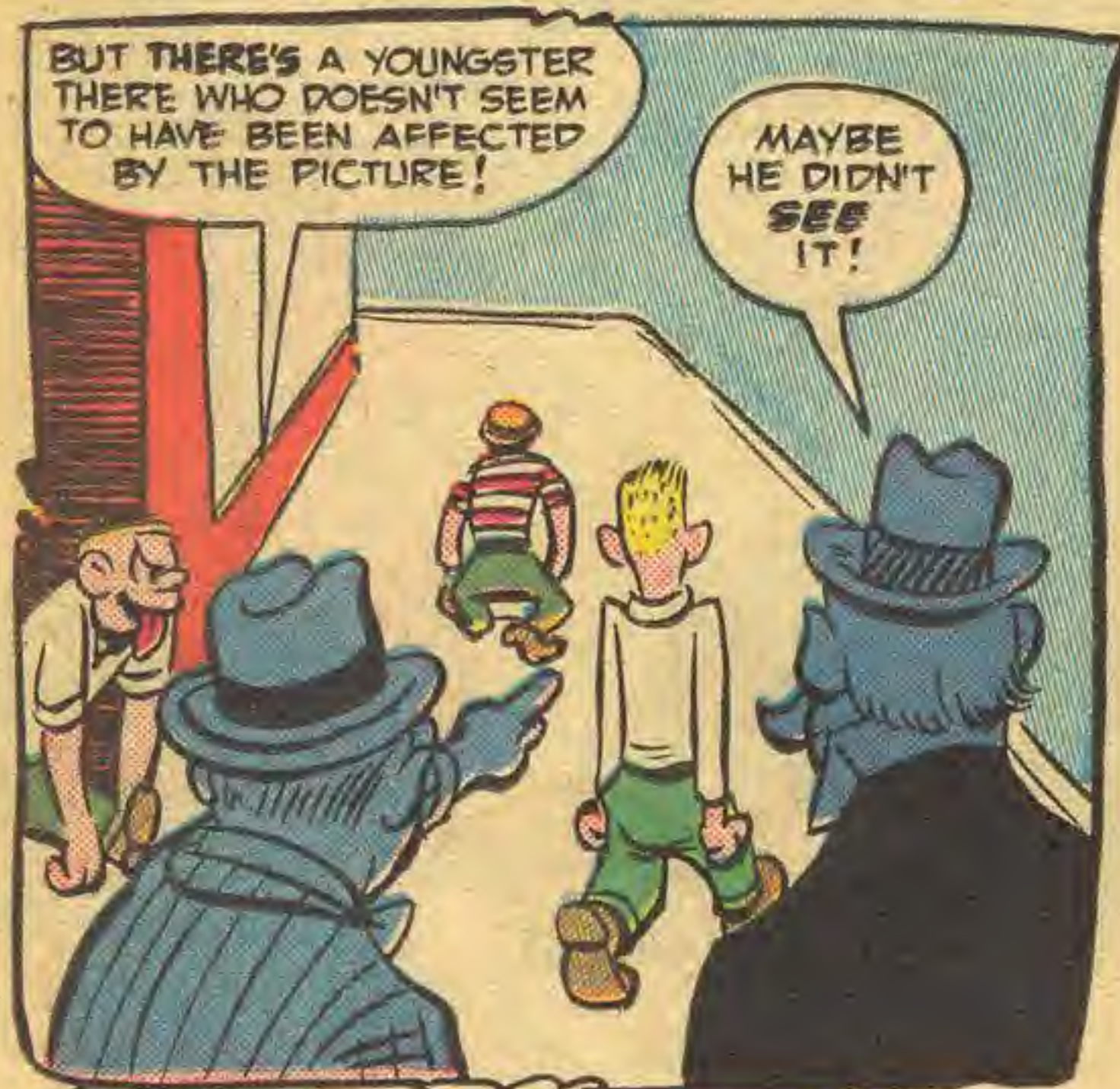
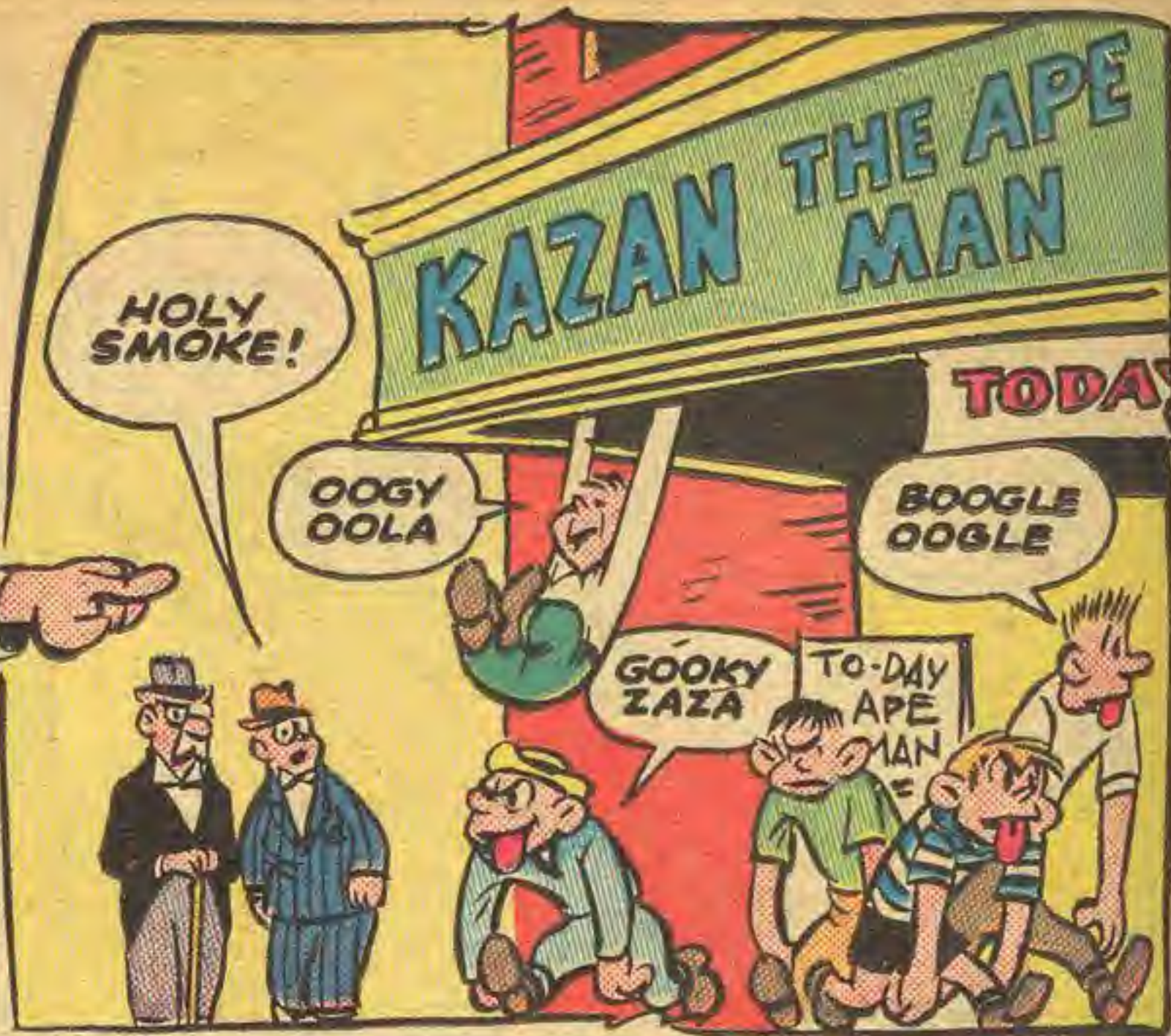
HEY!

OOGA BOOGA

WHOP!









...SO THE MAYOR NAMED ME AS A COMMITTEE OF ONE TO GET THINGS ROLLING ...TO FIND SOME WAY TO KEEP THE KIDS OFF THE STREETS AND OUT OF THE THEATRES...TO...



WELL, G'NIGHT, MUMMY AND DADDY! SEE YOU LATER!

ONE MOMENT, ANGELPUSS! AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

WHY...TO THE MOVIES, OF COURSE! ALL THE KIDS ARE...



ALL THE KIDS ARE GOING TO THE MOVIES ...I KNOW! DON'T ANY OF YOU THINK OF STAYING HOME?

BUT DADDY! YOU SAID YOU DON'T WANT ME TO ENTERTAIN AT HOME! YOU SAID IT'S TOO HARD ON THE FURNITURE!

SHE'S RIGHT! AFTER ALL, A GIRL CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO SPEND ALL HER EVENINGS AT HOME, ALONE! IF YOU'D FIX UP THE BASEMENT AS A PLAYROOM...

WE'VE GONE OVER THAT BEFORE...AND THE ANSWER IS STILL NO! IT COSTS TOO MUCH!

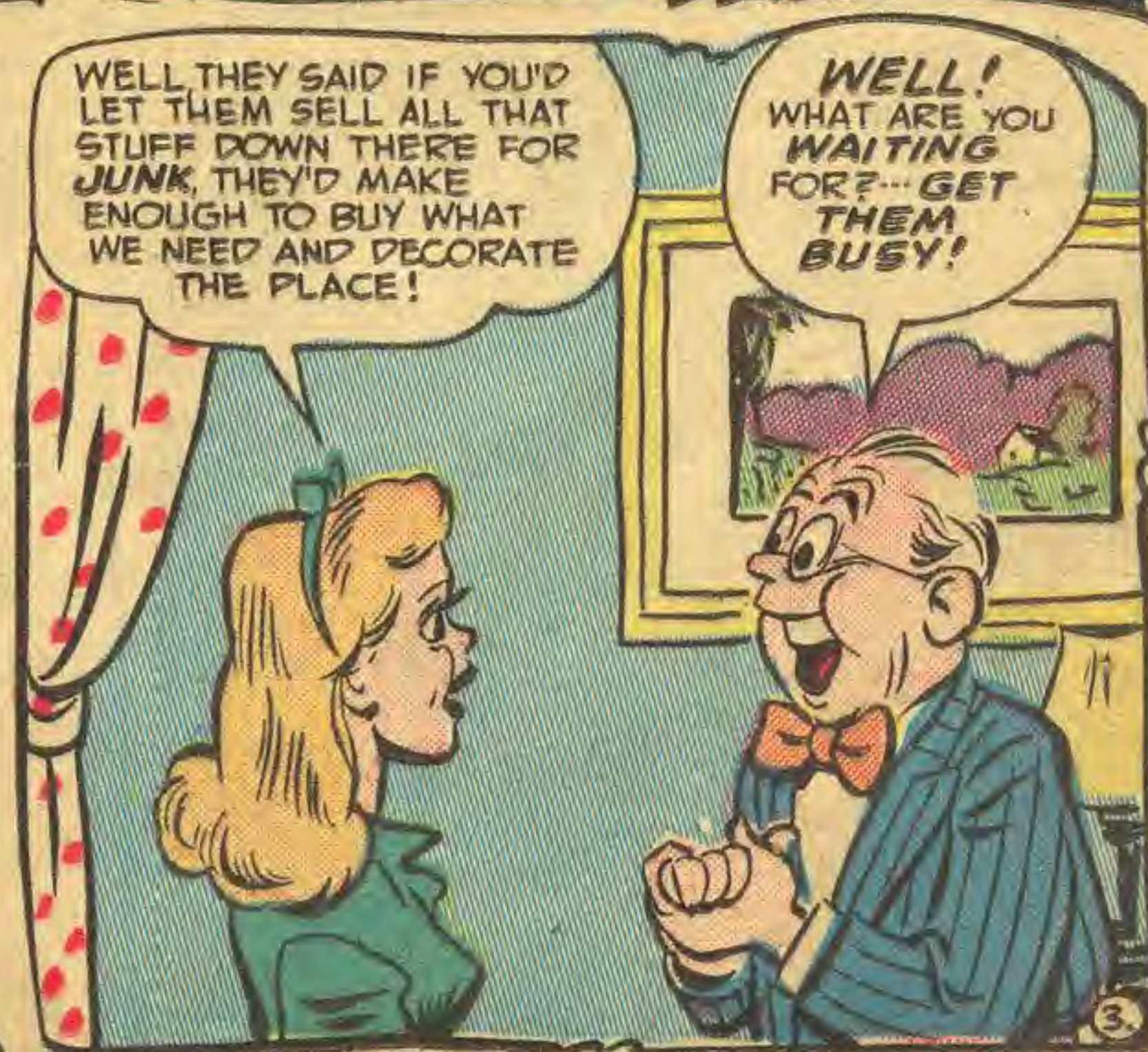


BUT THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE **WRONG**, DADDY! THE KIDS CAN FIX IT UP AND IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

HOW?

WELL THEY SAID IF YOU'D LET THEM SELL ALL THAT STUFF DOWN THERE FOR **JUNK**, THEY'D MAKE ENOUGH TO BUY WHAT WE NEED AND DECORATE THE PLACE!

WELL! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?...GET THEM **BUSY**!





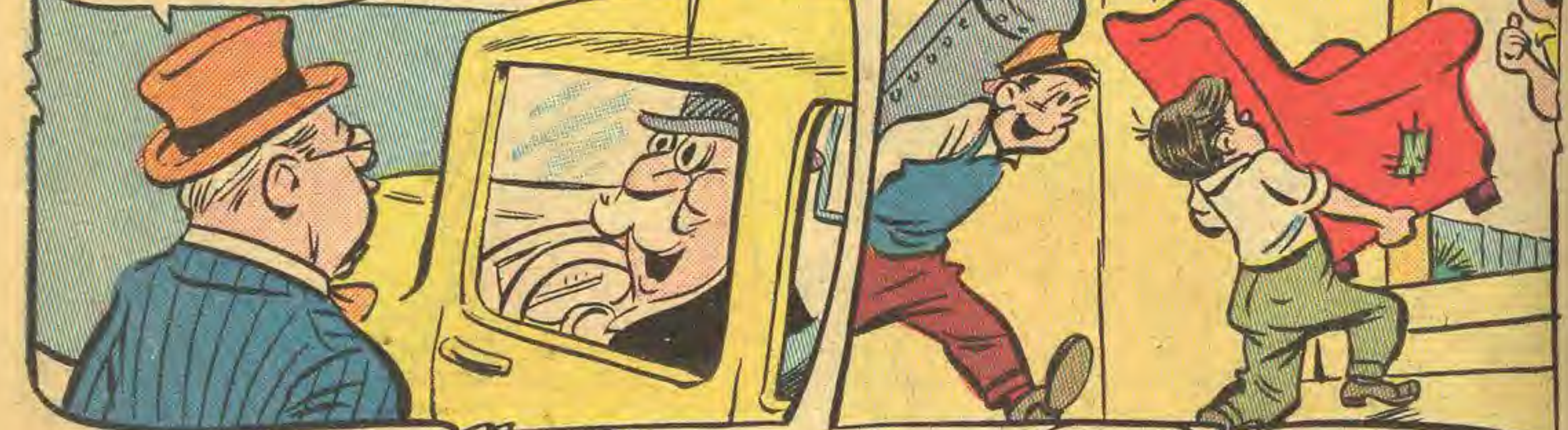
NEXT A.M....

YESSIR, YOUR HONOR! I SAID TO MYSELF "DARN" THE EXPENSE!...AHM... THESE KIDS HAVE TO HAVE A PLACE TO PLAY...SO I'M FIXING UP A RECREATION ROOM IN MY BASEMENT!

A NOBLE GESTURE, WITHERSPOON...EXCELLENT! IT WILL SERVE AS A GOOD EXAMPLE TO OTHERS OF OUR COMMUNITY!

BOYBOY! ALMOST ALL CLEANED OUT!

HURRY UP! THE JUNKMAN'S OUTSIDE WITH HIS TRUCK!



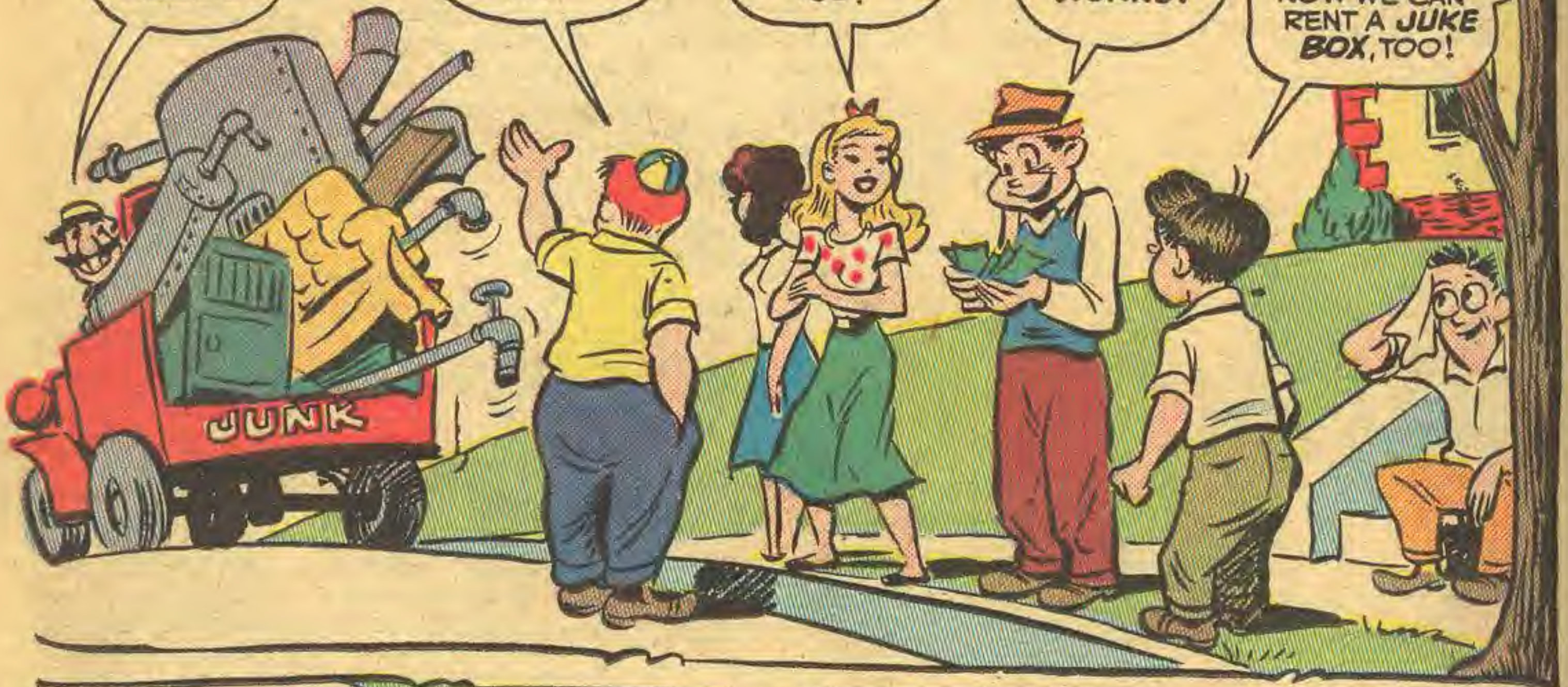
T'ANK-A-YOUSE, KEEDS!

OH, DON'T MENTION IT!

HOW MUCH DID HE PAY YOU?

\$50.00 FOR THE WORKS!

FIFTY BUCKS...JEEPERS! NOW WE CAN RENT A JUKE BOX, TOO!



OKAY! YOU KIDS GET BUSY WITH THE PAINTIN' AN' DECORATIN', WHILE COOKIE AN' I GET THE JUKE BOX!

YEAH! SURE, JIT!

GOLLY, ANGELPUSS YA SURE GOT A WONDERFUL OLD MAN...WHEN HE LETS YA DO THIS TO HIS HOUSE!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!



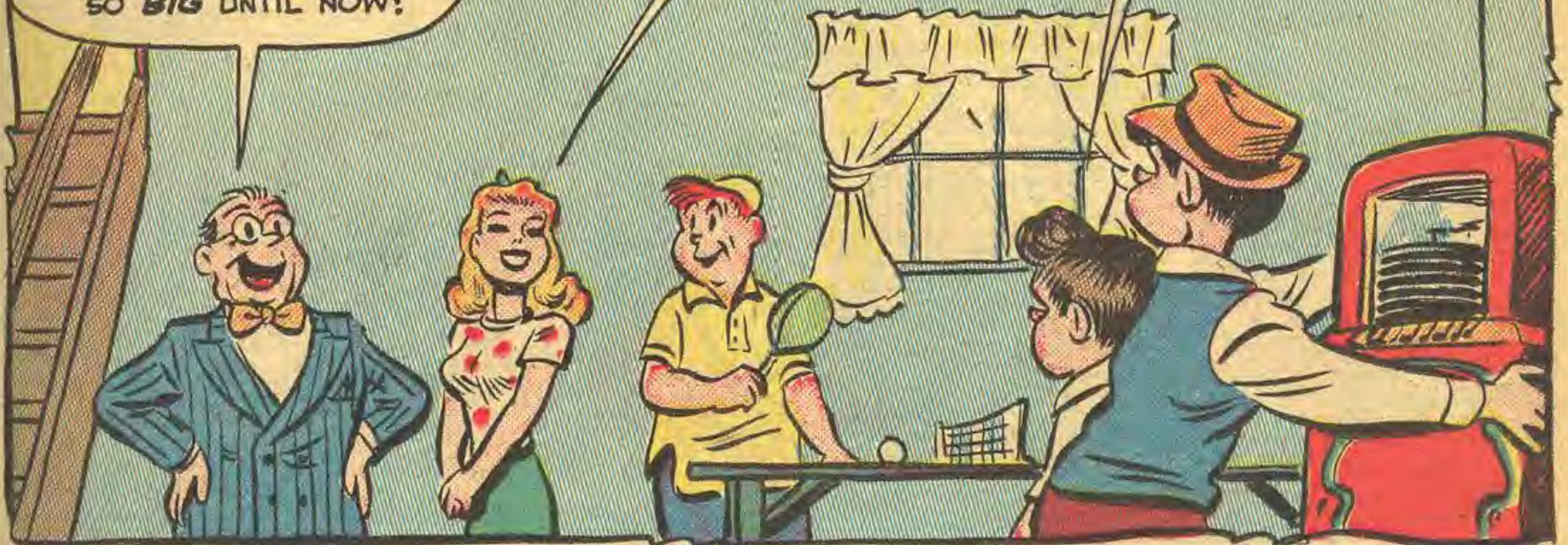


30...A LITTLE LATER...

WELL! I MUST SAY YOU KIDS HAVE REALLY **TRANSFORMED** THIS TRASH HEAP... IT LOOKS **WONDERFUL!** I NEVER REALIZED THIS PLACE WAS SO **BIG** UNTIL NOW!

OH, DADDY! I'M SO GLAD YOU LIKE IT!

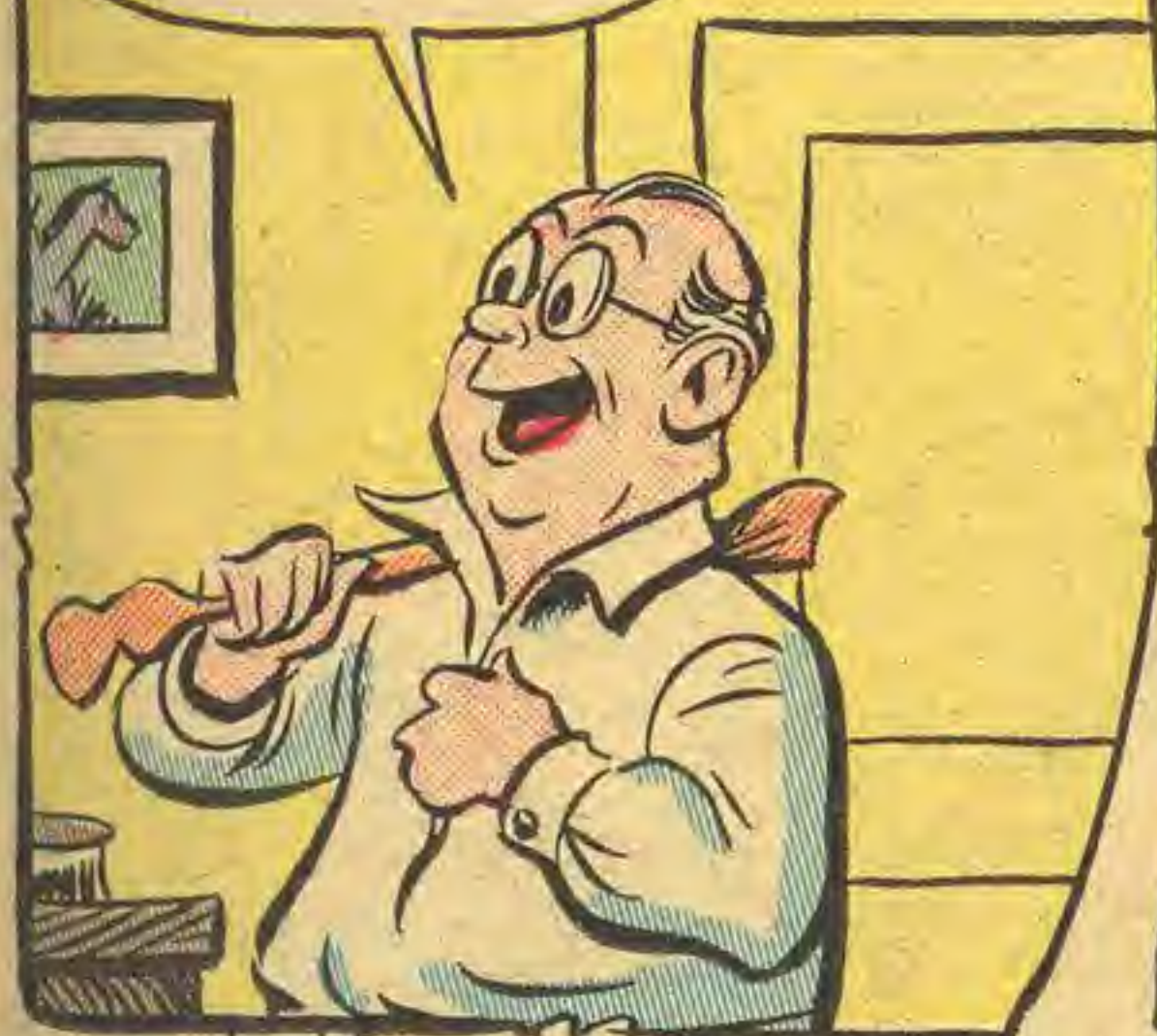
YEAH, MR. WITHERSPOON! AN' TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION, WE'RE GONNA THROW A BIG PARTY FOR YOU TONIGHT!



A PARTY FOR ME...HA! THEY SHOULD BE GIVING THE PARTY FOR THE **MAYOR!**

AFTER ALL, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM, I NEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT TO INTERFERE WITH MY DAUGHTER'S GOING TO THE MOVIES...AND **THIS** NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED!

AND IT DIDN'T COST ME A CENT! HA-HA!



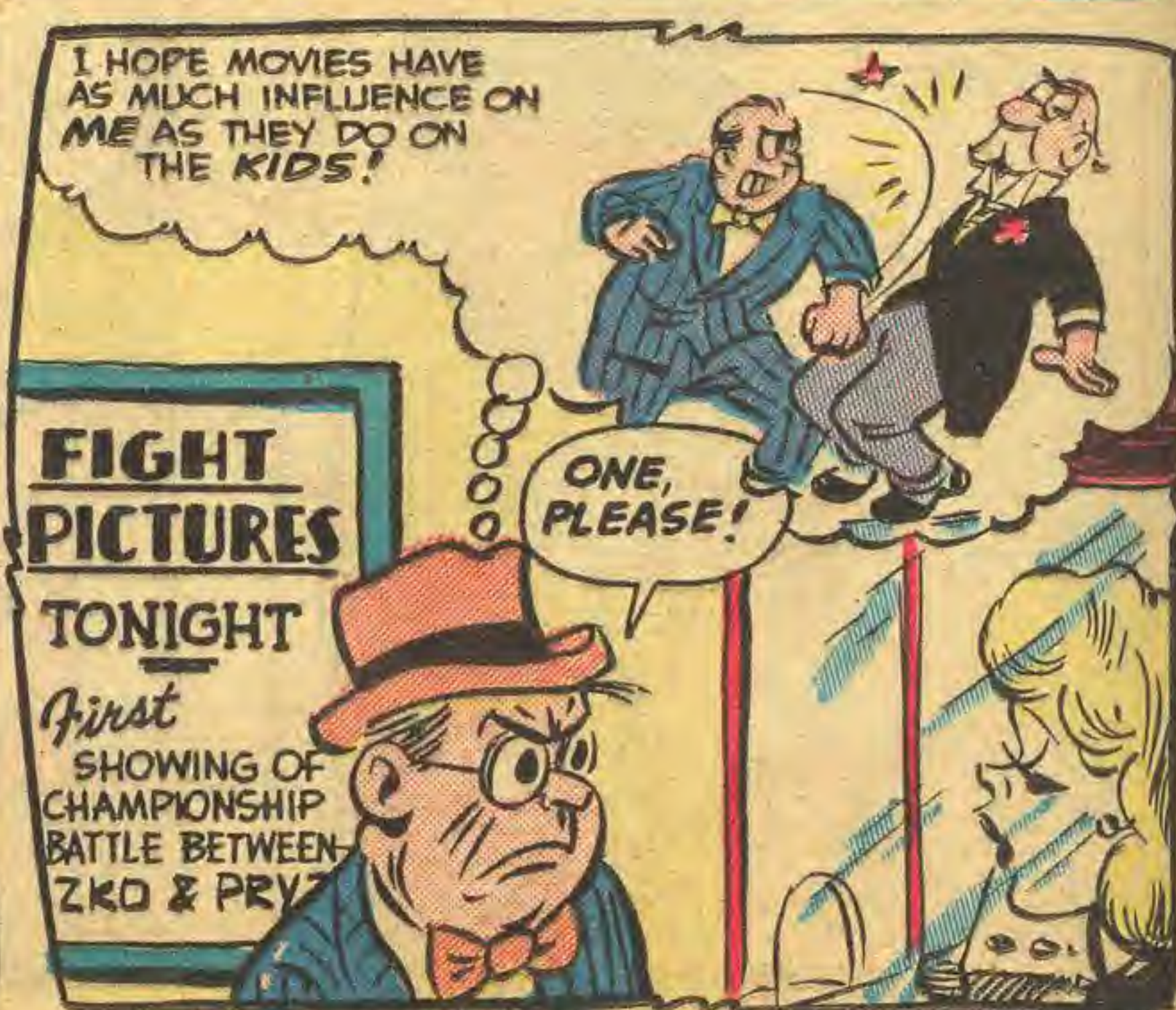
YIPE!

HEY, MAW! TELL THOSE KIDS TO TURN ON THE HOT WATER HEATER! THEY MUST HAVE ACCIDENTALLY TURNED IT OFF TODAY!

ALL RIGHT!











**BIGGERN BETTER BUBBLES -**

**PRICE - A PENNY A PIECE -**

**AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT -**

**1¢**

**FRANK H. FLEER CORP. PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.**

For recommended reading...



# AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



ALL BIG  
52  
PAGES

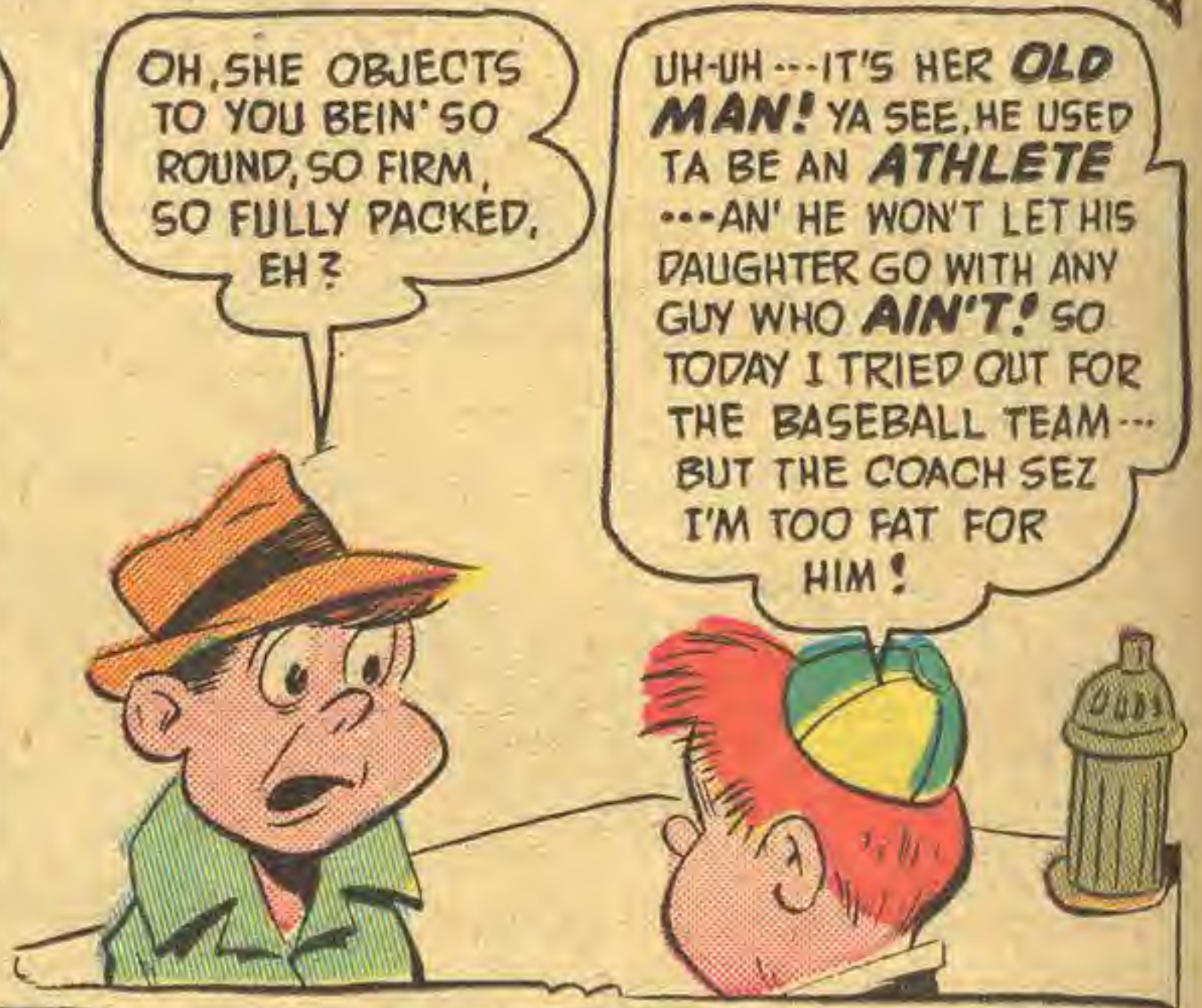
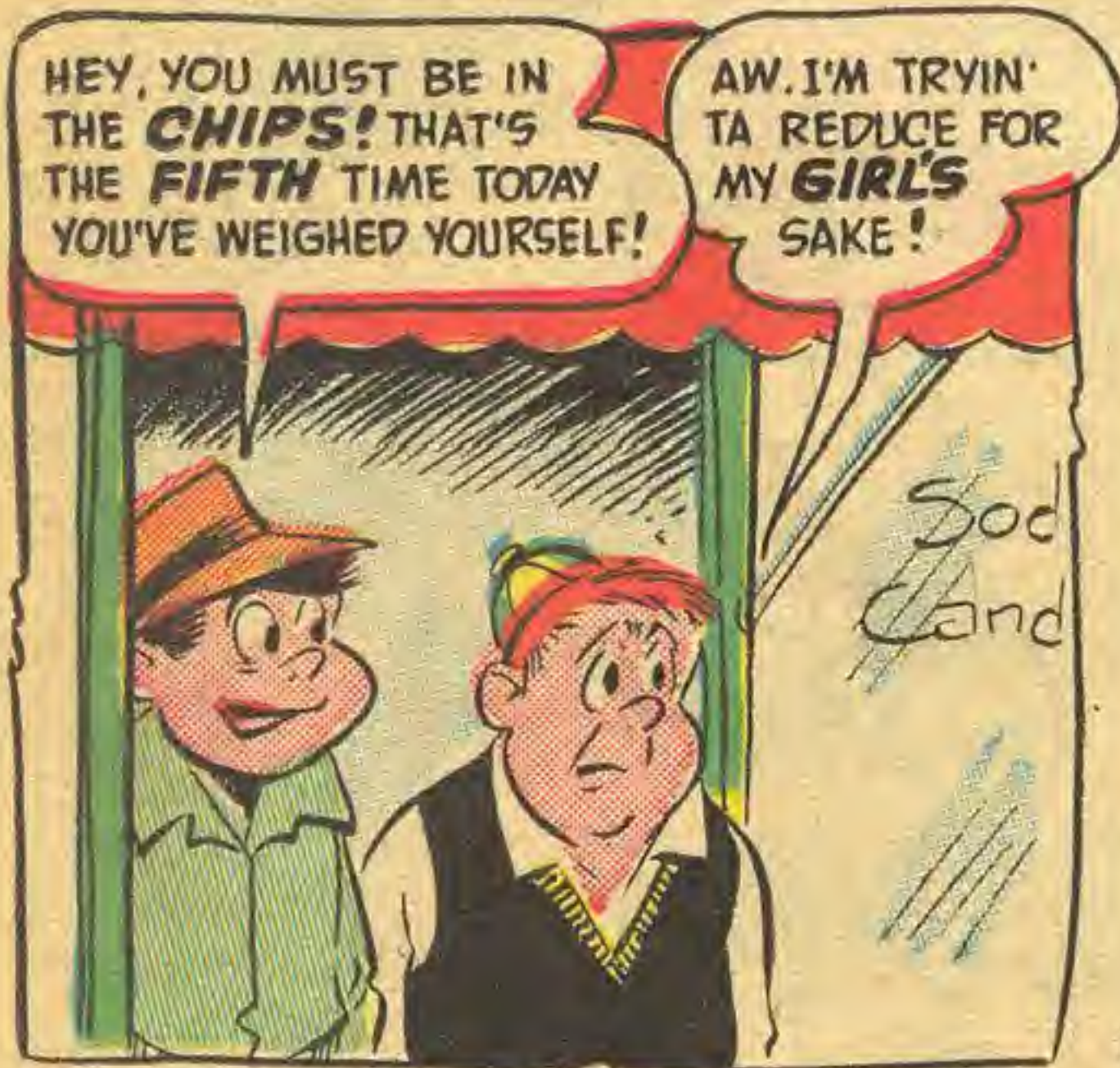
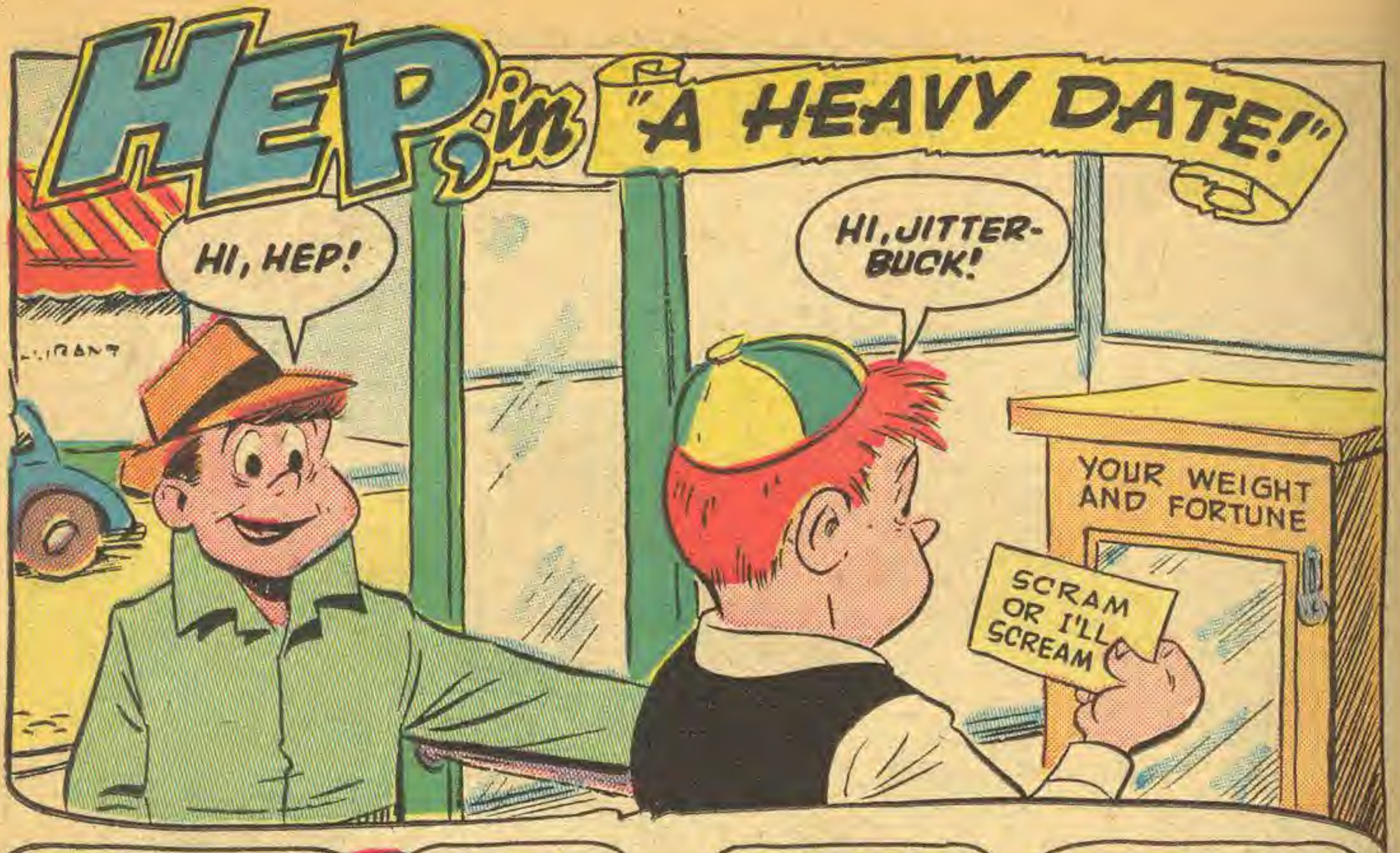


They're the terrific titans...  
THE GREATEST GROUP  
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL  
... REGULARLY ...  
Read **AMERICAN!**









AND SO THIS GOES ON ---AND ON ---

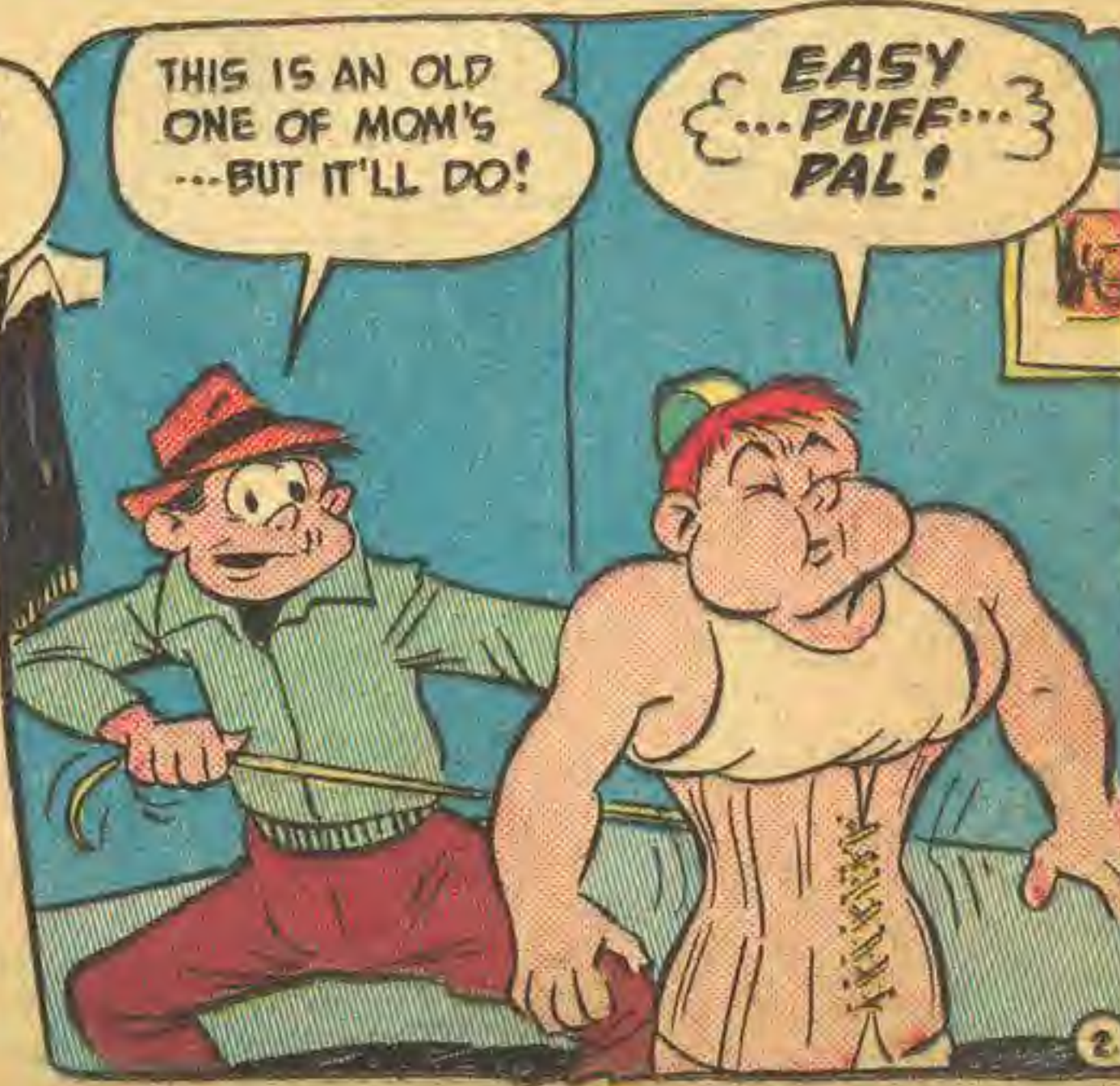


--- UNTIL THE COP IS WORN TO A FRAZZLE!

BUT---OUR HERO HASN'T LOST AN OUNCE!

NOPE! IT'S NO USE, JIT!

YA KNOW, HEP---IT AIN'T THAT YOU'RE TOO **HEAVY** TA BE AN ATHLETE---IT'S JUST THAT YOU'RE THE **WRONG SHAPE!** C'MON UP TA MY HOUSE---I GOT AN **IDEA!**



THIS IS AN OLD ONE OF MOM'S ---BUT IT'LL DO!

EASY PUFF PAL!



The NEXT EVENING...

JIT, YOU'RE A **WONDER!**  
I NOT ONLY MADE THE **TEAM**  
...BUT I GOT AN INVITE UP  
TA THE GAL'S HOUSE FOR  
DINNER! HOW DO I LOOK?

**SWELL, BABY...**  
BUT WATCH THEM  
CORSET STRINGS!  
**HA-HA!**



AND AFTER DINNER...

NOW THAT YOU GENTLE-  
MEN HAVE YOUR COFFEE,  
LI'L OL' ME WILL SEE  
YO'-ALL LATER!

YES, DAUGHTER  
...RUN ALONG  
NOW! LET THE  
**MEN** TALK!



JEEPERS, SIR, YOU MUSTA  
BEEN A **GREAT**  
ATHLETE!

YASSUH... AH  
SHO' WAS! OF  
COURSE, AH  
SPECIALIZED IN  
**FOOTBALL!**



**MY!** AND WHAT  
POSITION DID YOU  
PLAY... **OOPS!**

?

**FWOINNNG!**  
**BUMP!**

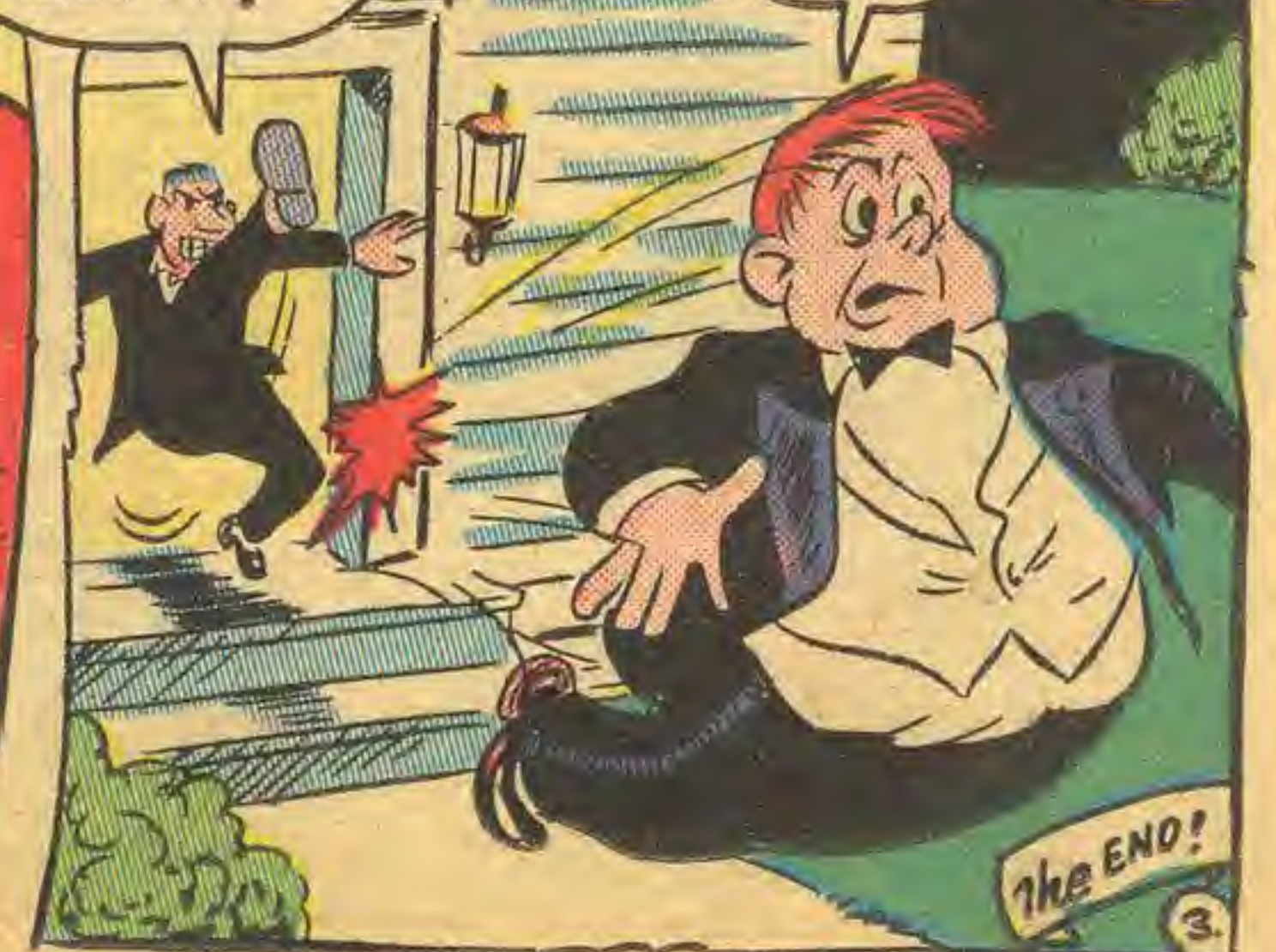


SUH, AH WAS A  
FAMOUS FULLBACK  
... BUT...



...AH WAS **ALSO**  
AN EXPERT AT  
KICKIN' **FIELD**  
**GOALS!**...  
**GET IT?**

**OH-HHH!**  
I GET IT... **BUT**  
I DON'T LIKE  
IT!



The END!



# Cookie, SOCIAL OUTCAST

**"PSSST! HEY, COOKIE!"**

The whisper seemed to be coming from the alley at Cookie's right. As he tried to pierce the darkness, narrowing his eyes and craning his neck, Cookie saw a hand come out of the alley. It fastened on his sleeve and yanked him into the alley.

"Oh!" Cookie was taken aback as he recognized the owner of the whisper. "Zoot! Whadda you want?"

"Sssh!" Zoot cautioned. "I am about to do you the biggest favor ever done you, small fry. I am about to offer you . . . a cigar!"

Cookie's stomach did a somersault as he viewed the cigar that Zoot offered him. N . . . no, thanks," he said, "I . . . I don't think I want it!"

Immediately, Zoot's face took on that disdainful look, so familiar and so repulsive to all. "What'samatter, little boy?" he demanded "Scared?"

That was all the challenge needed by Cookie O'Toole! Ramming the loathsome cigar into his mouth, he lit it defiantly, puffing away energetically under the watchful eyes of Zoot. It was not so bad at first, but as the ash grew longer, Cookie's skin began to grow greener. He dared not reveal to Zoot that his stomach was churning, his eyes burning and his heart yearning for escape. Gritting his teeth so that they clamped down on the revolting cigar, Cookie determined to stay conscious as long as Zoot was watching.

But the cigar had no respect for Cookie O'Toole's decision. As it grew shorter, Cookie's suffering grew longer, until he could stand it no more. "S'gettin' late, gotta be goin' home," he mumbled.

Cookie was too sick to notice Zoot's smile. Veering sharply to one side, he staggered into the street and tried to

set a course for home. But he couldn't see very well or the night was foggy or somethin'. He stumbled blindly into a couple of pedestrians who were talking in tense, urgent tones. Dimly, Cookie heard one of them say, "I tell ya Saturday's the only time . . . they keep the payroll over the weekend!"

The other said something about "Colby's Warehouse" and then stopped as Cookie smacked into him. "Why, ya little punk!" the man said. Cookie tried to apologize, but his tongue was too thick and fuzzy. The man pushed him and Cookie lurched against his friend. "Oh, a tough baby, huh?" the friend gritted, catching Cookie's arm.

Just then, a breezy young man came along. "Why, you're only a kid!" he said to Cookie. That didn't make any sense either. He extricated Cookie from the grasping man's clutches and steered him carefully along the street. "What's your name, kid? Where do you live? Come on, now, lean against me and I'll take you home."

Cookie didn't remember clearly how he got home or into bed. But the next morning, his eyes widened at the sight of the newspaper on the breakfast table. The headline said "Juvenile Delinquency in Our Town." Below it was a picture of an oddly familiar face, only the hair was kinda messy and the whole effect was sorta . . . well . . . bad-looking. Underneath the picture, the caption read "Cookie O'Toole!"

"Well, son," Pop's voice dripped with accusation, "how can you explain this?"

Cookie was honestly bewildered. "I don't get it, Pop," he protested. "What is it all about?"

In a corner of the room, Mrs. O'Toole was quietly sobbing her heart out. "My own boy," she cried, "seen



coming out of a saloon with two hooligans! The reporter had to guide him home because he couldn't even walk!"

"Gosh, Mom! Gleepers, Pop! If you'd let me *explain* . . ."

He tried to tell them the story of Zoot and the cigar, but somehow it got lost. The phone kept ringing and Mom kept crying and Pop kept on reading and rereading the article. In a few hours, overnight, Cookie's life had been turned upside-down.

Everything was different. Everyone was different. In school, half of the kids wouldn't talk to him at all. Their folks wouldn't let 'em. The other half asked him questions about the underworld. The teachers called him "the horrible example." Pop wouldn't let him go out at night, and that was all right with Cookie, because he didn't have anyplace to go.

Worse than all of this was Angelpuss Witherspoon's tearful face, as she passed him a note in school. "Dear Cookie, I do not doubt you but you know my parents. I am forbidden to talk to you again . . . ever. Love, Angel."

That was the bitterest pill of all, harder to swallow than the cigar smoke that Cookie still remembered with a shudder. There was only one person left in Cookie's life. His old chum, his pal through thick and thin, Jitterbuck Jones!

As Cookie sat on the back porch with Jit, he retold the story of the cigar for perhaps the fifth time. Jit listened spellbound. "And then ya met the two mugs," Jit prompted him, "an' . . . hey, what's with you?"

For suddenly, Cookie's face had changed, become bright with memory. "I just remembered! Jit, this is Saturday night, isn't it? Well, we're going to Colby's Warehouse! C'mon, Jit, it's *important*!"

The warehouse loomed darkly before them, like a tremendous block of granite. Somehow, Jit felt that he had to whisper. "What do we do?"

"Just wait!" Cookie answered. The night hours went by slowly. Somewhere a clock struck. It was three in the morning. And then, Cookie pointed to a glimmer of light in a window on the street floor. "This is it!" he whispered. "Remember the ol' Harelip High double play!"

Catapulting silently over the window-sill, the two boys went into action, using the most powerful football play they knew. *Both* of them tackled one of the mugs at the safe, while the other stood by open-mouthed. *Crash!* One down and one to go! As the boys turned to the second mug, Cookie started to dive forward. Somehow, his elbow struck a lever . . . and all the noise in the world couldn't beat the wail of the alarm that split the air!

Sirens screamed, brakes screeched, voices shouted, men pushed their way through to the scene of the robbery. It was a madhouse for a moment and then the atmosphere cleared. The two mugs were well in hand, neatly handcuffed and ready for the police wagon.

As for Cookie, he was being interviewed by a reporter!

This was the second time that Cookie awoke to a newspaperheadline, but, oh, how different! "COOKIE O'TOOLE MODEL CITIZEN AND HERO!"

"My own boy!" Mom sobbed proudly.

"My son!" Pop pumped his hand enthusiastically. "To think that you joined a gang just to expose them! *My son!*"

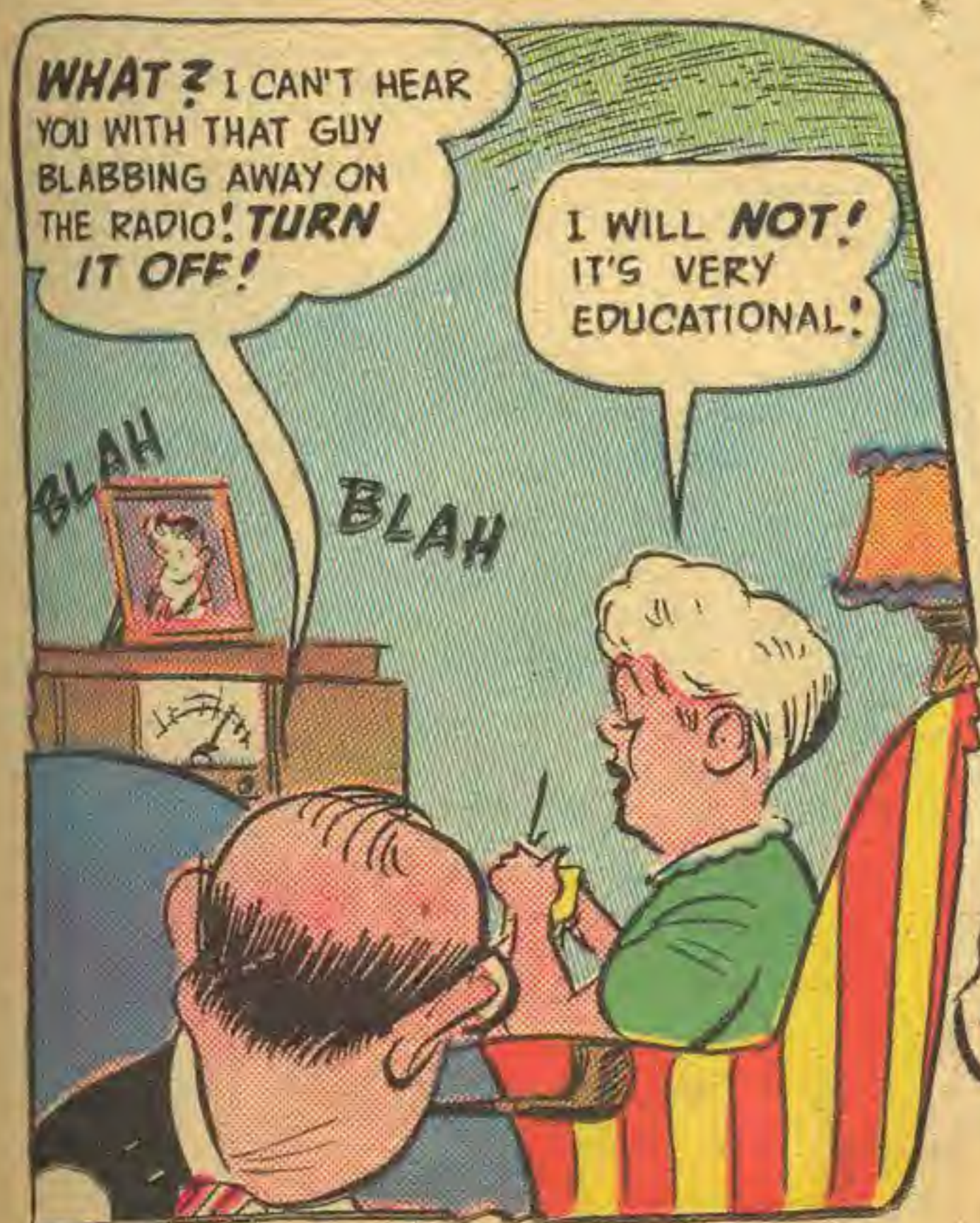
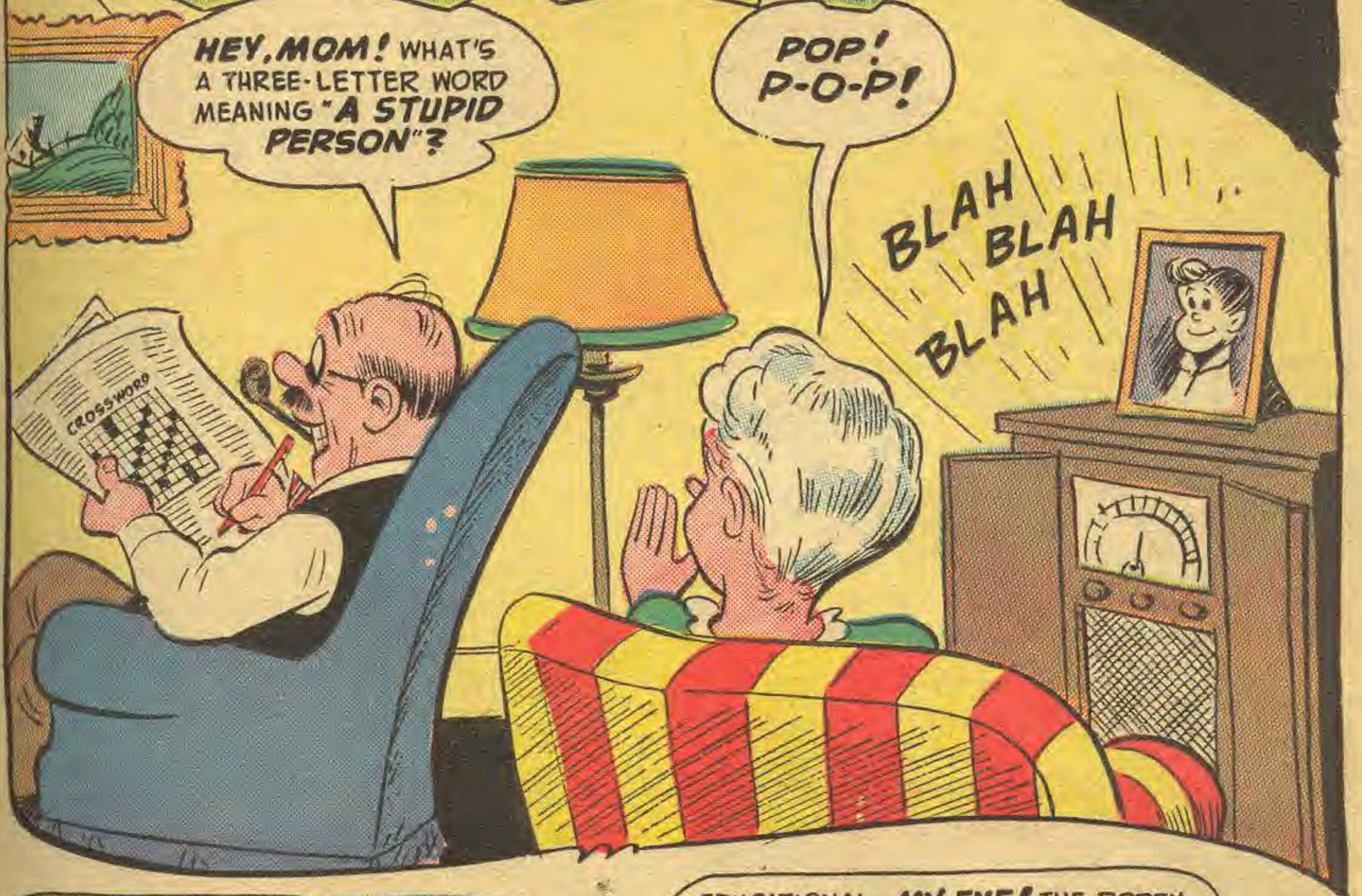
It was a banner day, with kids coming around to shake Cookie's hand and their folks calling up to congratulate Cookie's folks and Angelpuss Witherspoon by his side, holding his hand as though she'd never let go.

Only Zoot was miserable, as he viewed Cookie's triumph with rage and envy. "That guy makes me *sick*!" he muttered.

"That's *swell*," said Jit, smiling through his black eye.



# COOKIE





**PHOOEY!** I SHOULD CHEAPEN THE NAME OF O'TOOLE FOR SOME PALTRY GIVE-AWAY? **NEVER!** LET THEM FOIST THEIR FOIBLES ON MRS. FLIPLID OR MR. SCREWLOOSE OR MISS SLUMPNoodle, BUT NEVER THE NAME OF...

**MR. O'TOOLE!**

YEAH, MR. O'TOOLE! THAT'S WHAT I...

QUIET, POP, IT'S **COOKIE!**

**GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US TONIGHT, MR. O'TOOLE!**



...AND OF COURSE, YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU ANSWER THE NEXT QUESTION CORRECTLY, YOU'LL BE REWARDED WITH THE GRAND PRIZE OF ONE CADILLAC... A MINK BATHING SUIT... \$50,000 IN CASH... THREE DIAMOND RINGS... A PAIR OF SHOE-LACES... BLAH, BLAH...

**POP!** STOP DROOLING ON THE RUG!

THAT'S MY BOY!

AND NOW THE **QUESTION!** WHO SAID "GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH"?

WELL... ER... LESSEE...

\$ \$ \$



ER... **GEORGE WASHINGTON!**

IS HE RIGHT, POP?

**OH-HH!** OF COURSE NOT... IT WAS **THOMAS JEFFERSON!**

**IT WAS NOT! IT WAS PATRICK HENRY ... NYAHH!**

**NYAHH!**











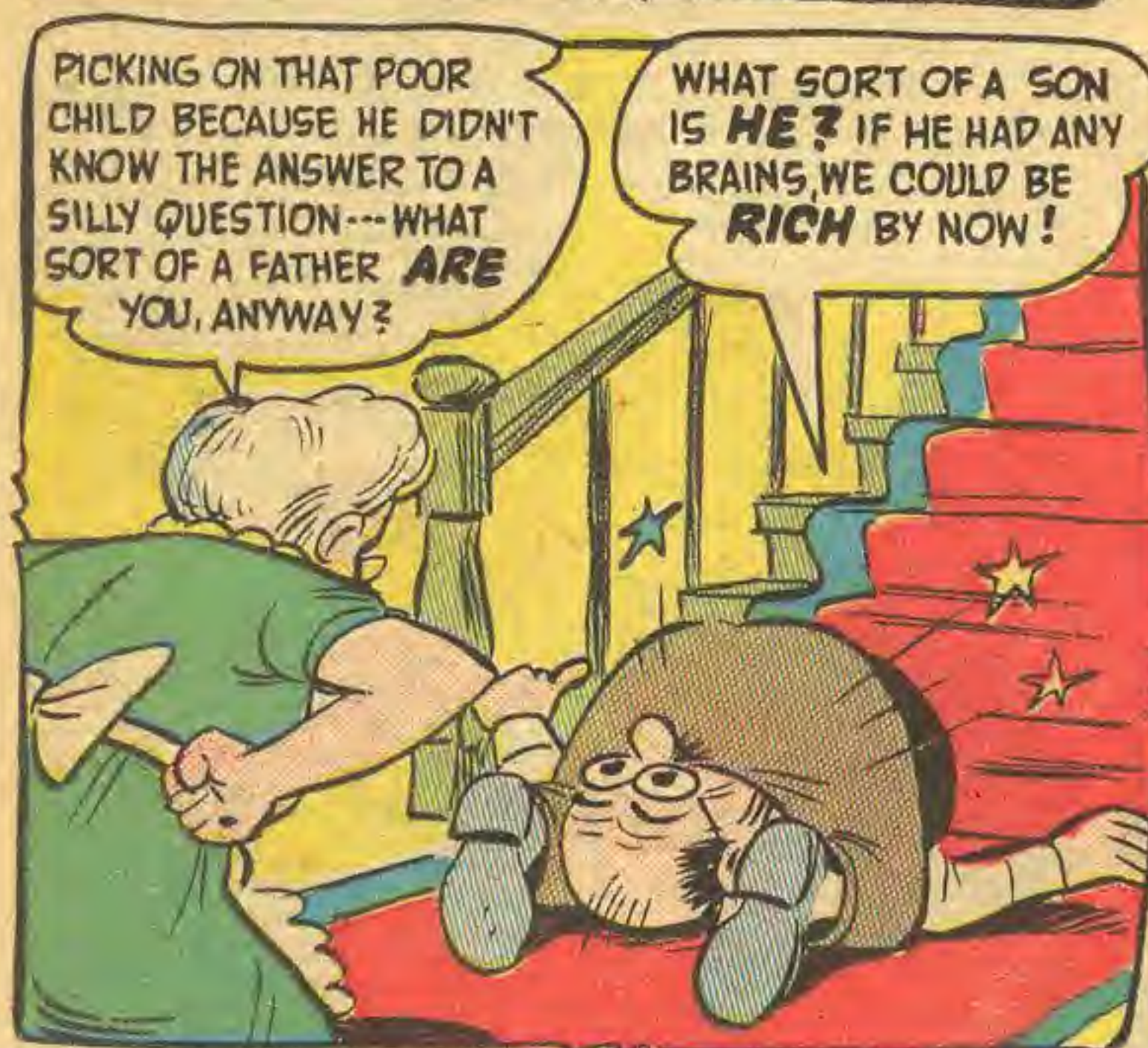
HORACE! YOU  
KEEP YOUR HANDS  
OFF THAT BOY,  
OR...



WHOOOPS!

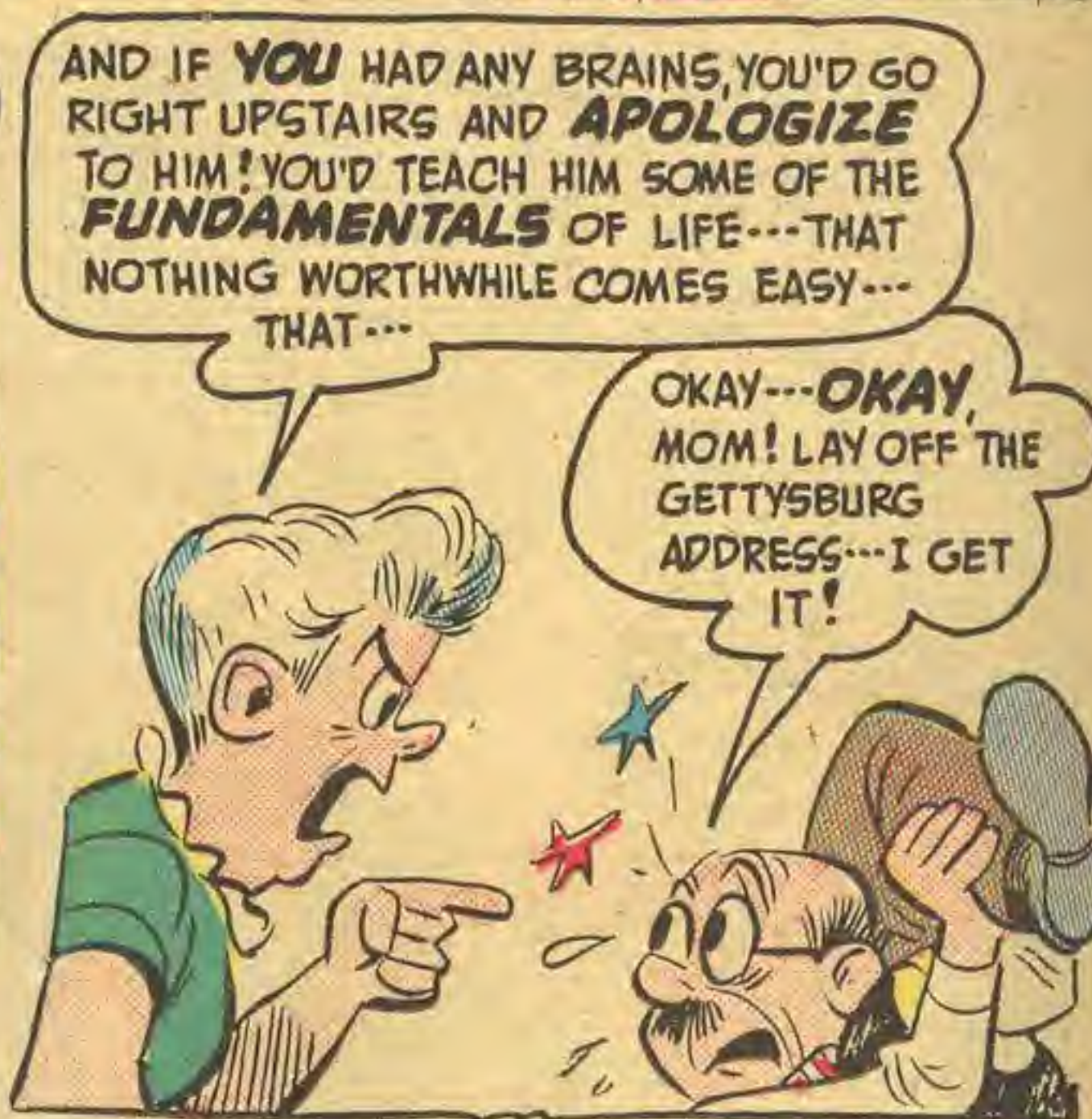
WHAP!

FLIP!



PICKING ON THAT POOR  
CHILD BECAUSE HE DIDN'T  
KNOW THE ANSWER TO A  
SILLY QUESTION---WHAT  
SORT OF A FATHER **ARE**  
YOU, ANYWAY?

WHAT SORT OF A SON  
IS **HE**? IF HE HAD ANY  
BRAINS, WE COULD BE  
**RICH** BY NOW!



AND IF **YOU** HAD ANY BRAINS, YOU'D GO  
RIGHT UPSTAIRS AND **APOLOGIZE**  
TO HIM! YOU'D TEACH HIM SOME OF THE  
**FUNDAMENTALS** OF LIFE---THAT  
NOTHING WORTHWHILE COMES EASY---  
THAT---

OKAY---OKAY,  
MOM! LAY OFF THE  
GETTYSBURG  
ADDRESS---I GET  
IT!



NEXT AFTERNOON---AFTER SCHOOL---

HEY, COOKIE!  
AREN'T YA COMIN'  
WITH THE GANG?

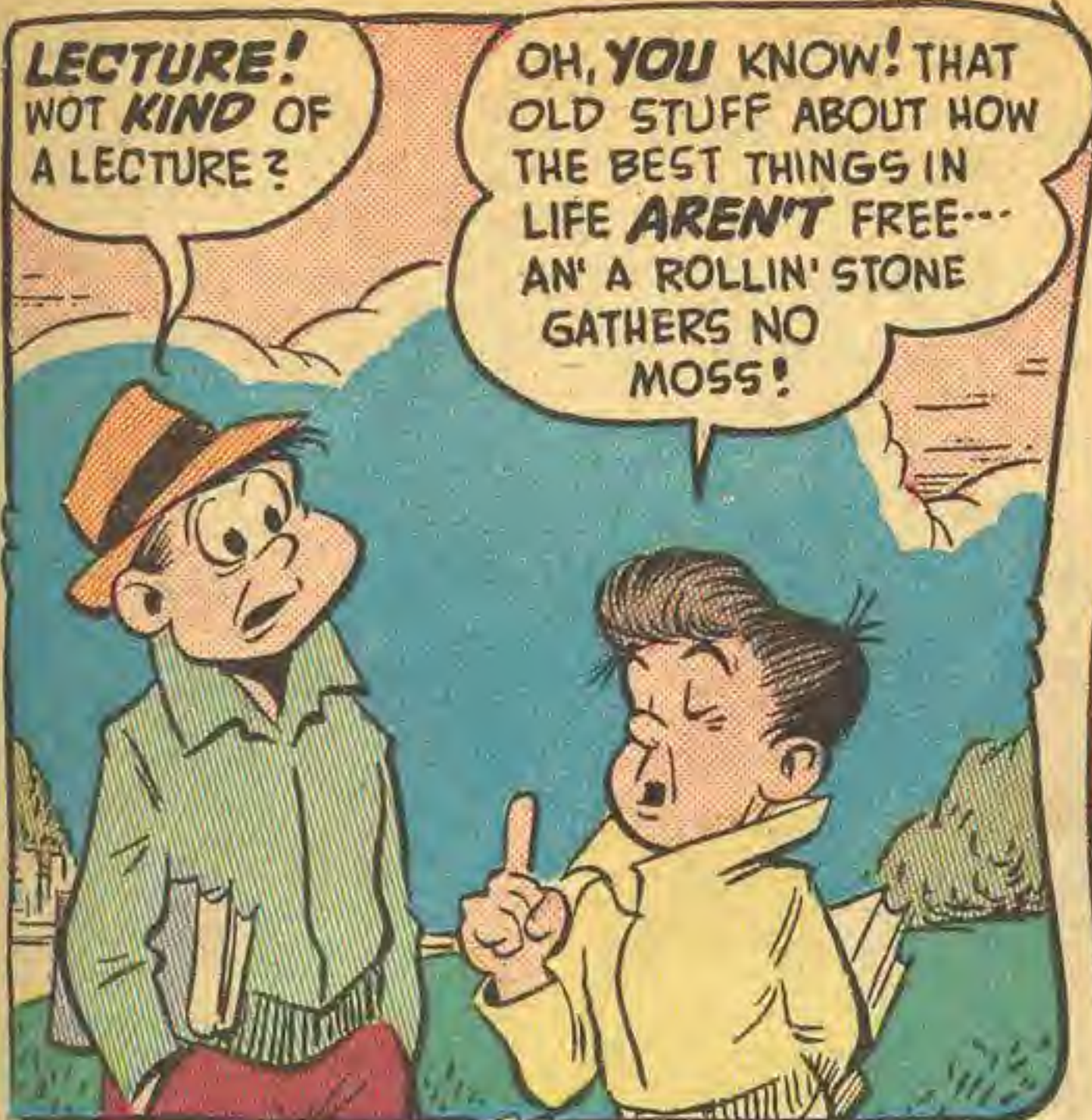
WHERE?



DOWN TO THE **RADIO**  
**STATION**! WE FIGURE  
MAYBE ONE OF US MIGHT  
GET ANOTHER CRACK AT  
THOSE PRIZES!

NOT **ME**, PAL! IF I  
SHOULD FLUNK OUT  
AGAIN, POP'D  
**MURDER** ME---  
BESIDES, I'D HAVE  
TO GO THROUGH  
ANOTHER ONE OF  
HIS LECTURES,  
WHICH IS **WORSE**  
THAN DEATH!





LECTURE!  
NOT *KIND* OF  
A LECTURE?

OH, *YOU* KNOW! THAT  
OLD STUFF ABOUT HOW  
THE BEST THINGS IN  
LIFE *AREN'T* FREE---  
AN' A ROLLIN' STONE  
GATHERS NO  
MOSS!



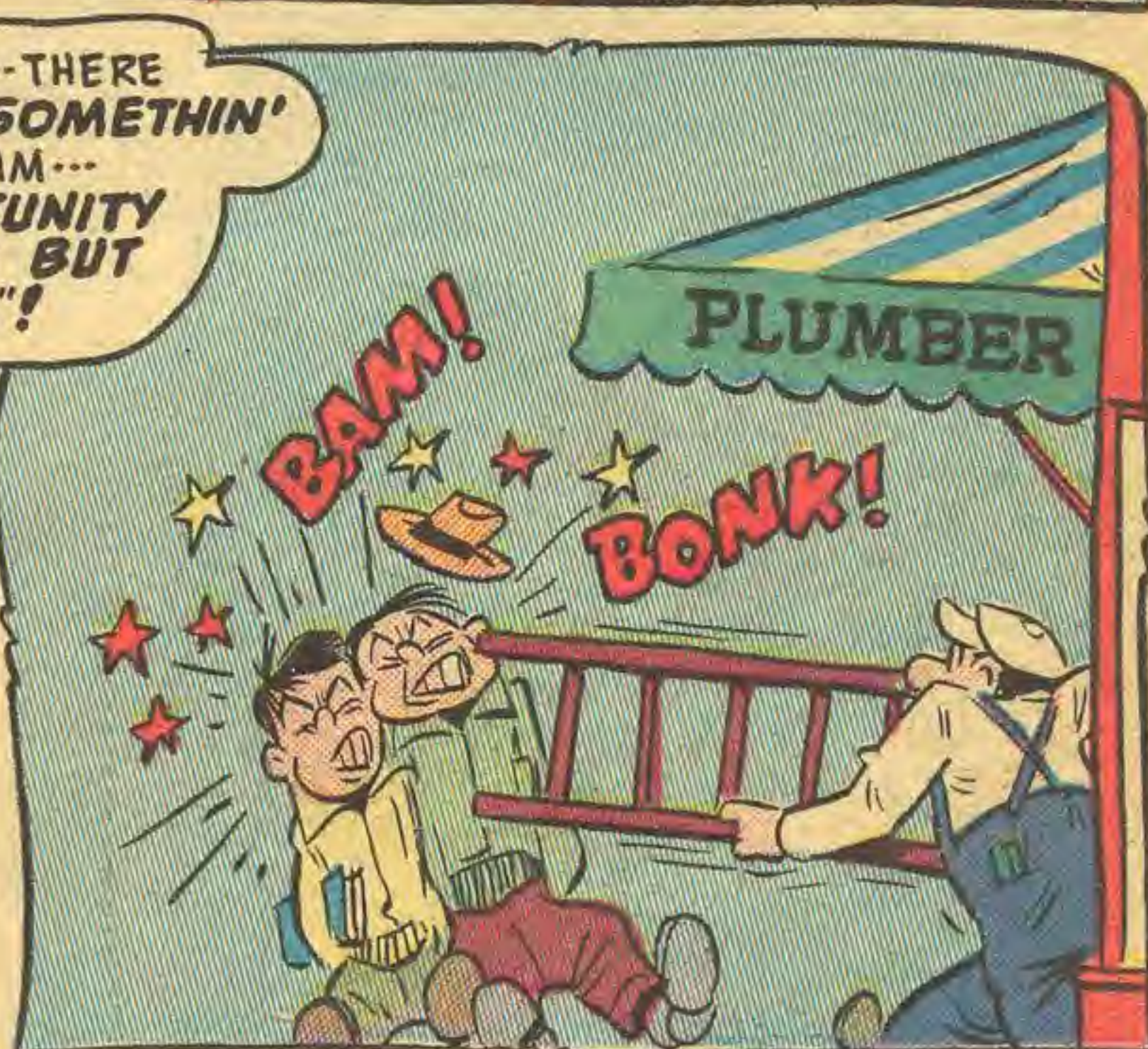
IT *DON'T*?  
...I MEAN...  
I *DON'T*  
GET IT!

WELL, LOOK---DID FORD,  
OR LINCOLN, OR EDISON  
SIT AROUND LISTENIN' TO  
*QUIZ SHOWS*---OR  
EXPECT ANY FREE  
BUCKS FROM IT?  
... *NO!*



ACCORDIN' TO POP, THE  
ONLY THING *THEY* LISTENED  
TO WAS THE *KNOCK OF*  
*OPPORTUNITY*! IT COMES  
BUT ONCE, YOU KNOW---  
*HA!* AIN'T *THAT* A  
LAUGH?

I DUNNO---THERE  
MUST BE *SOMETHIN'*  
IN IT! HMMM---  
*"OPPORTUNITY*  
*KNOCKS BUT*  
*ONCE"*!



*BAM!*

*BONK!*



JEEPERS!  
NOT WUZ  
*THAT*?

*OPPORTUNITY*  
...SHE *KNOCKED!*  
*LOOK!*

BUT *WAIT!* WHO  
WANTS TA BE A  
*PLUMBER'S*  
*HELPER*?

C'MON---YA GOTTA  
GIVE THIS *OPPORTUN-*  
*ITY* STUFF A TRY! WHO  
KNOWS---MAYBE *THIS*  
*IS IT!*



AND BEFORE YOU CAN SAY "DRIPPY FAUCET"...

BUT JIT, WOT DO  
WE KNOW ABOUT  
PLUMBIN'?

WE DON'T **HAFTA** PLUMB!  
ALL WE DO IS GO TA THIS  
HOUSE AN' FIND OUT WOT  
THE TROUBLE IS--- THEN  
REPORT BACK TA THE  
BOSS! AN' WE GET  
**PAID** FOR IT,  
TOO!

MADAM, WE'RE  
FROM THE  
PLUMBER'S, AN'...

AT **LAST!**...  
WELL, DON'T JUST  
**STAND THERE!**  
**COME IN!**

PLUMBER

IT'S MY COMBINATION DISHWASHER  
AND GARBAGE ELIMINATOR---IT  
HASN'T WORKED FOR A WEEK!

UMMM---PUT  
THAT DOWN,  
COOKIE!

**OKAY, LADY!**  
WE'LL FILE A  
REPORT WITH  
THE BOSS AN'...

**FILE A REPORT?** LISTEN,  
YOU, I'VE BEEN WAITING A  
WEEK FOR YOU TO COME  
---AND NOW THAT YOU'RE  
HERE, YOU'RE GOING TO  
**FIX** THAT THING--- **OR**  
**ELSE!**

BUT  
**MADAM!**

DON'T **BUT**  
**MADAM**  
ME---**GET**  
**BUSY!**

YEAH, BOY---YOU HEARD  
THE LADY--- GO HUNT  
UP SOME TOOLS!

**PSSST...HEY!**  
I DON'T KNOW THE  
FIRST THING ABOUT  
THESE THINGS!

NEVER MIND! I GOT AN  
AUNT WHO HAS ONE---I  
KNOW HOW THEY'RE  
SUPPOSED TA WORK!

**BLANG!**  
**BLANG!**









TURN IT OFF,  
QUICK!

YES'M!



OH, MY DISHES!  
MY BEAUTIFUL  
DISHES!



BUT MADAM, LOOK HOW  
LOVELY AN' CLEAN THE  
**GARBAGE** IS! AT  
LEAST YOU KNOW  
IT...



LOVELY  
CLEAN  
GARBAGE!  
YOU...

**SQUOOOOOSH!**



JUST LET **OPPORTUNITY**  
KNOCK AGAIN AN' I'LL  
KNOCK **HER** ON HER  
EAR!

YEAH...AFTER  
ALL, LINCOLN AN'  
FORD AN' EDISON  
DIDN'T HAFTA CON-  
TEND WITH THESE  
**MODERN  
GADGETS!**



SAY, BOYS! CAN YOU  
DO ME A FAVOR? MY  
CAR WON'T GO, AND...

**NOTHIN' DOIN',  
MISTER! WE  
JUST DISCOVERED  
WE'RE NOT  
MECHANICS!**

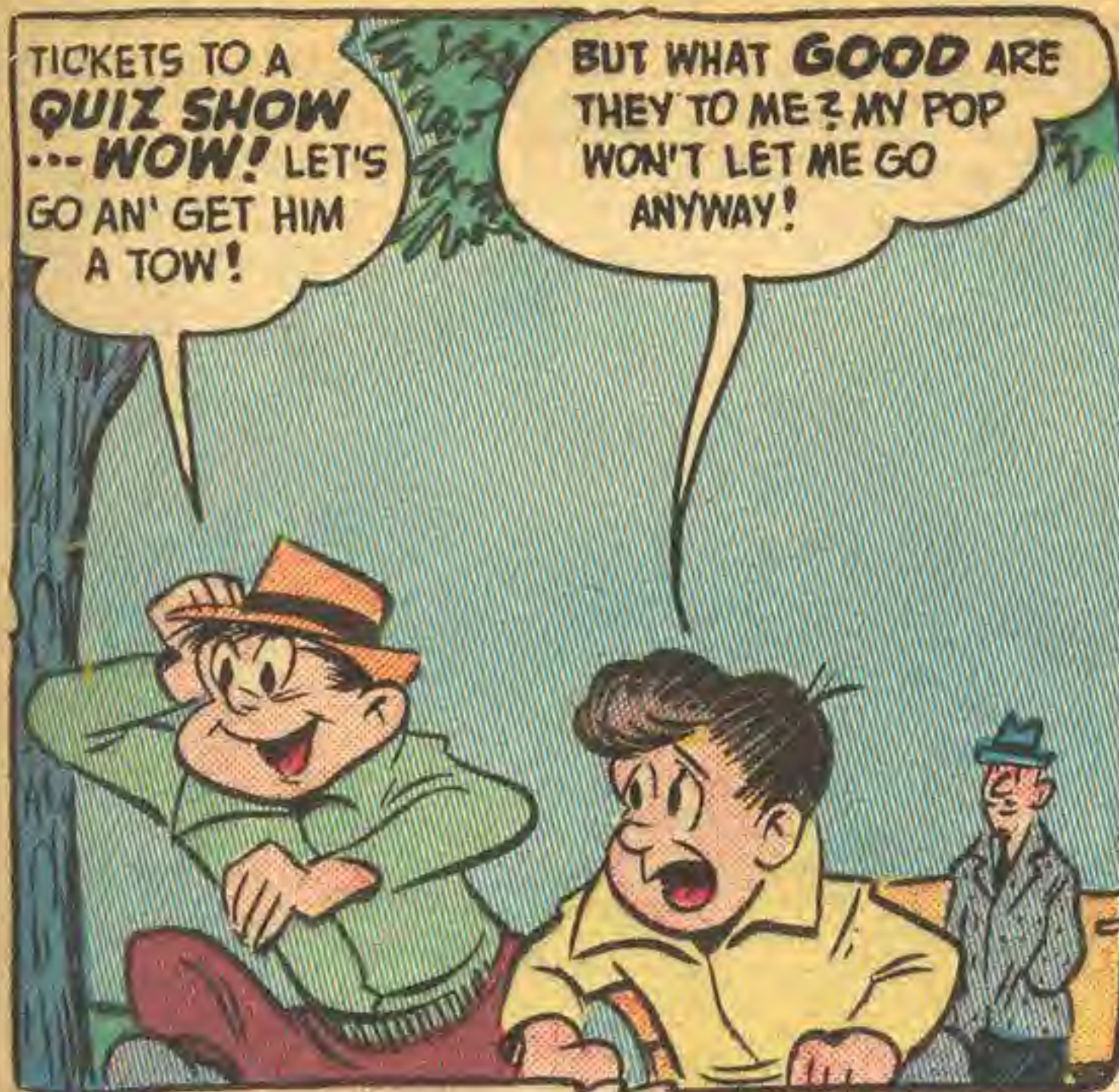


OH, I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO **FIX** IT! BUT I THOUGHT  
MAYBE YOU'D STOP AT A GARAGE AND HAVE THEM  
SEND A TOW TRUCK FOR ME! I'VE GOT A COUPLE  
OF TICKETS TO A **RADIO QUIZ SHOW** FOR  
YOU IF YOU'LL HELP ME!

**NOW YER  
TALKIN', SIR!  
SURE WE  
WILL!**

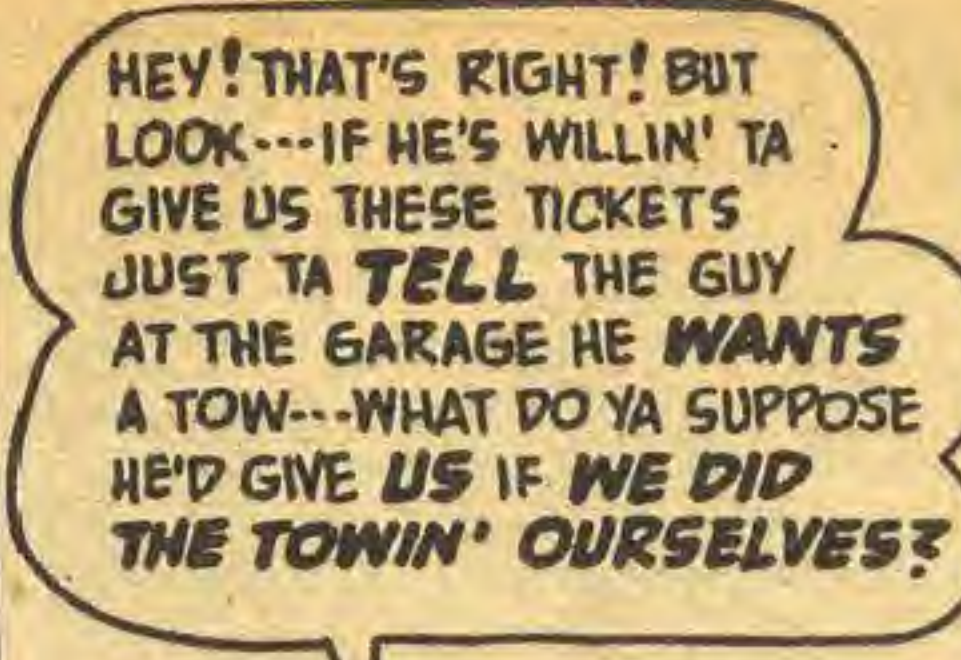
BUT  
JIT...





TICKETS TO A **QUIZ SHOW** --- **WOW!** LET'S GO AN' GET HIM A TOW!

BUT WHAT **GOOD** ARE THEY TO ME? MY POP WON'T LET ME GO ANYWAY!



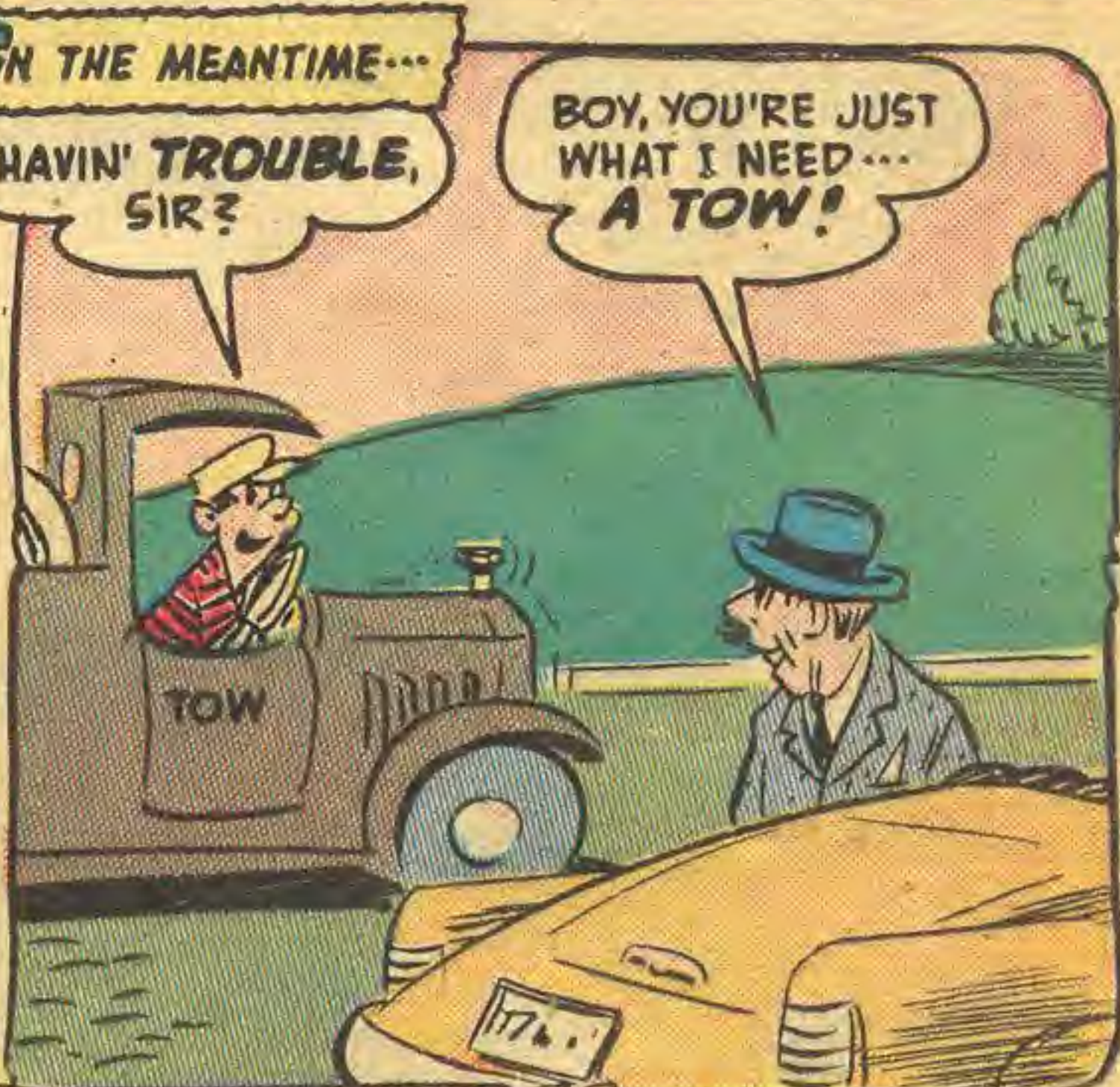
HEY! THAT'S RIGHT! BUT LOOK---IF HE'S WILLIN' TA GIVE US THESE TICKETS JUST TA **TELL** THE GUY AT THE GARAGE HE **WANTS** A TOW---WHAT DO YA SUPPOSE HE'D GIVE **US** IF **WE DID** THE TOWIN' OURSELVES?



WITH OUR JALOPY? **HEY!** YA GOT SOME-THIN' THERE, KID!



SO WOT ARE WE **WAITIN'** FOR? **LEAVE US HIE AWAY FOR THE HOT ROD!**



**IN THE MEANTIME---**

HAVIN' **TROUBLE**, SIR?

BOY, YOU'RE JUST WHAT I NEED... **A TOW!**

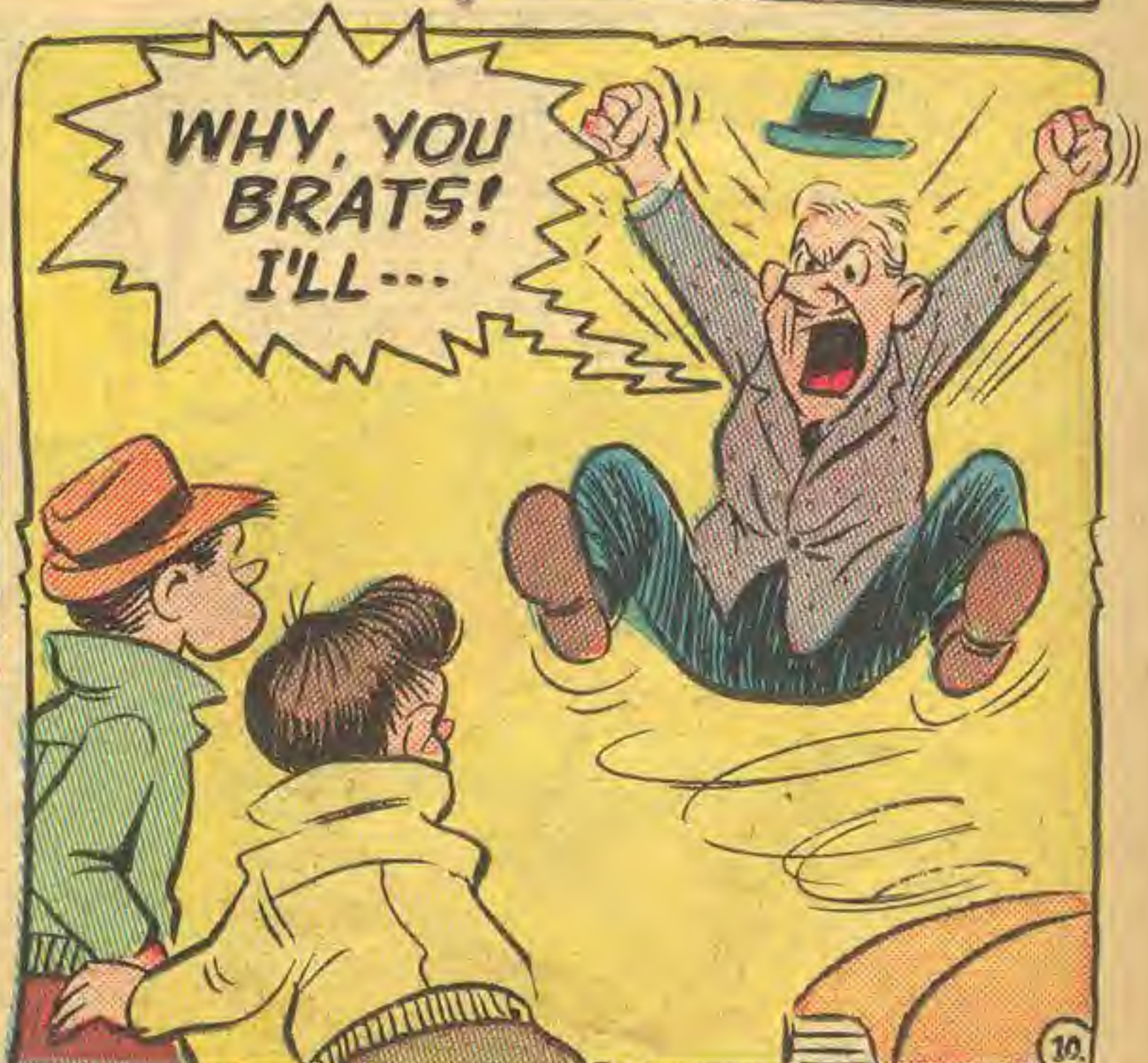
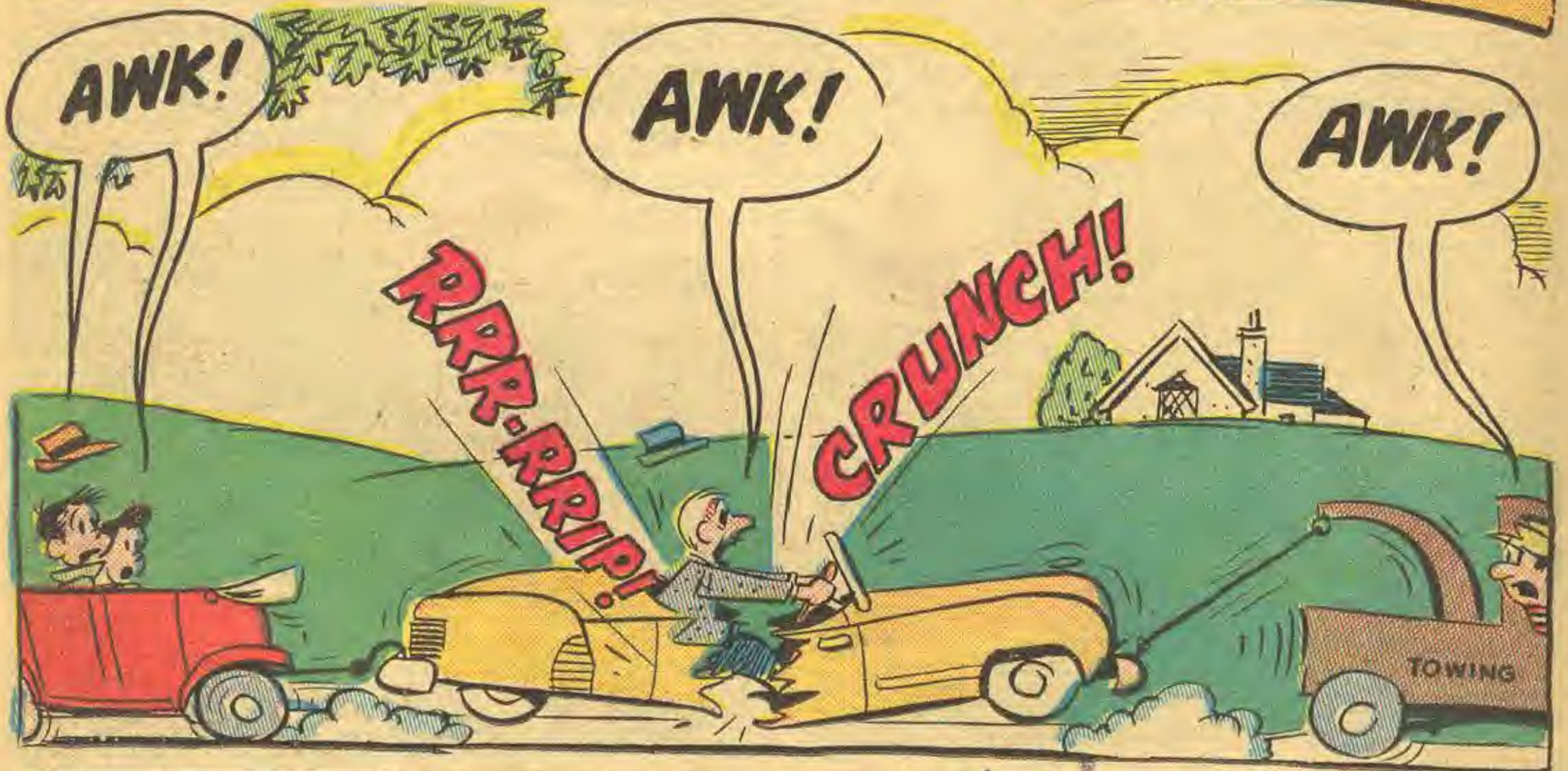
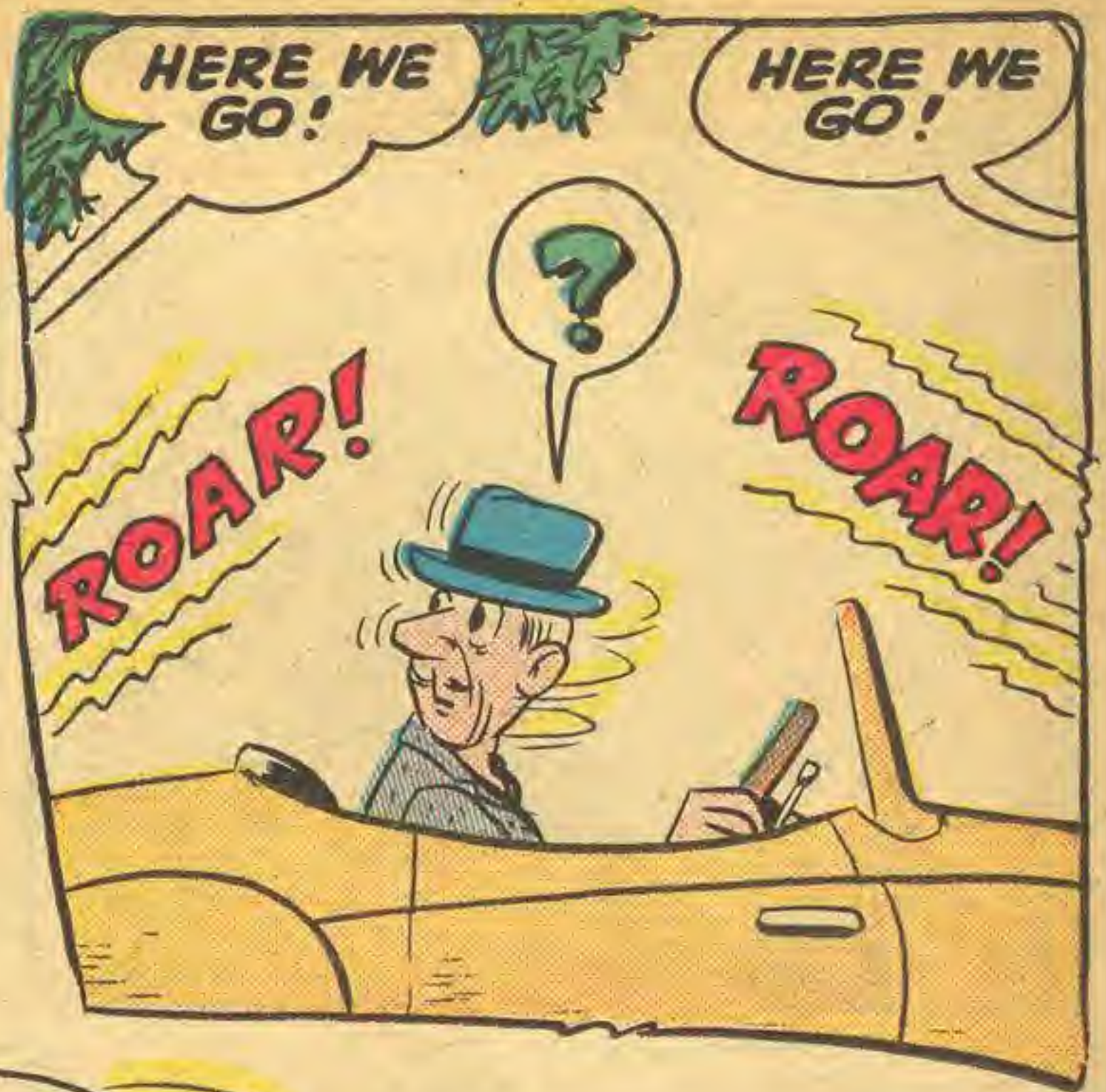


WE'LL JUST SWING AROUND AN' BACK UP TO HER!

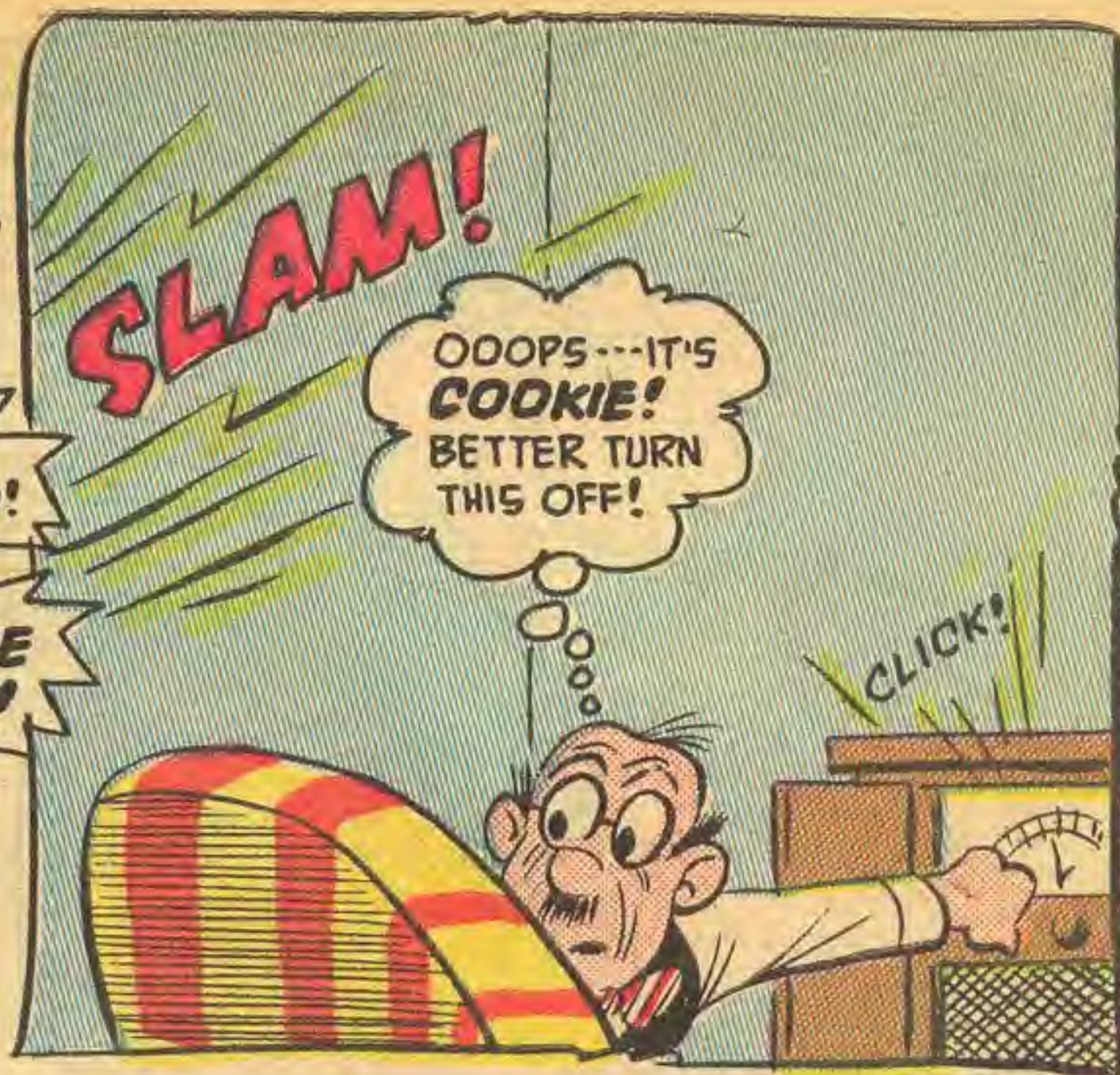
BE READY IN A JIFFY, SIR!

THAT'S FINE!

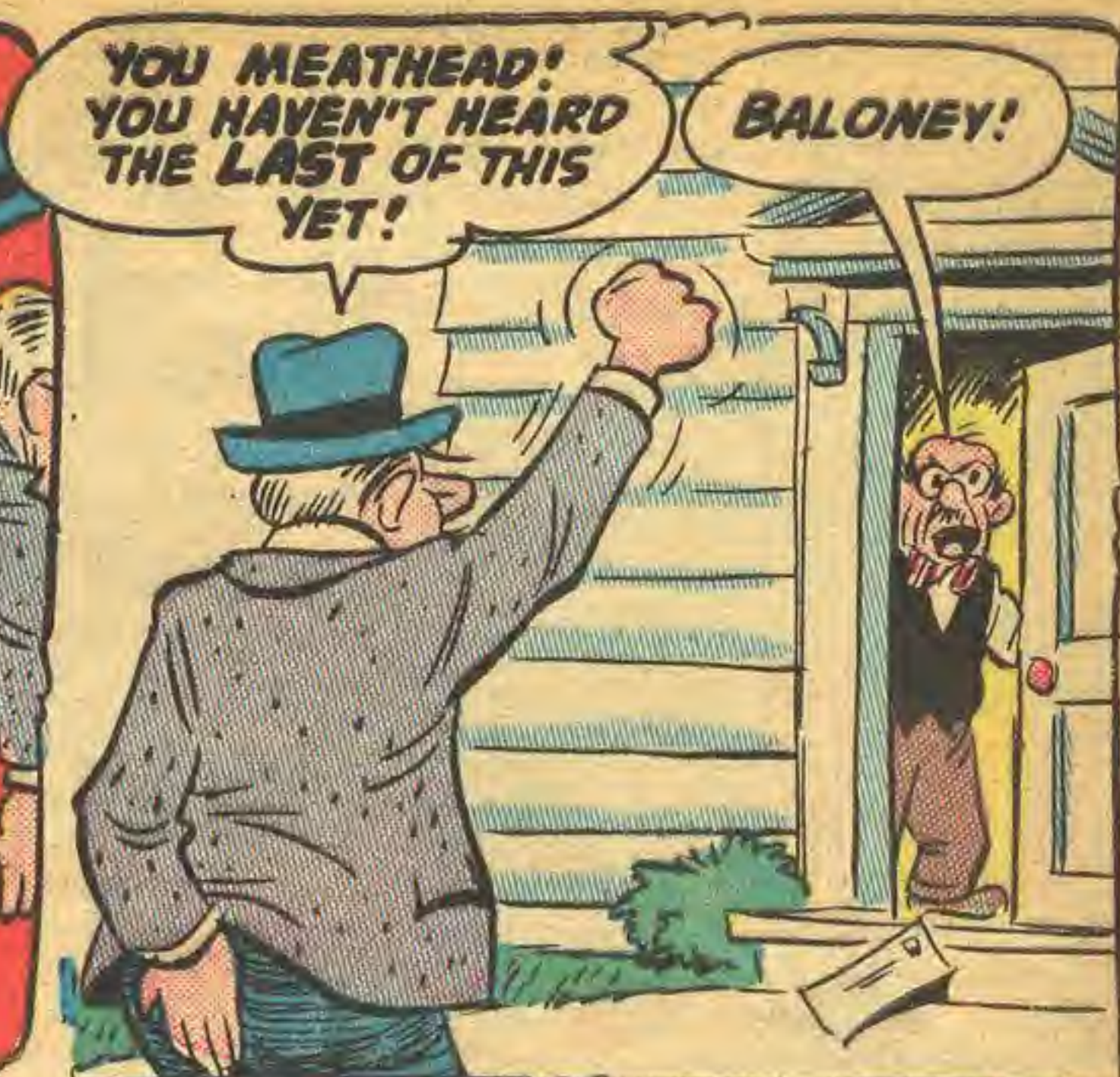














WHILE AT HOME...

...AND NOW, **YOU BUM**... I MEAN, **MR. O'TOOLE**... ARE YOU READY FOR MY QUESTION? ER... YESSIR!

WHAT WOULD YOU CALL YOURSELF IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER?

A **DOPE**, OF COURSE!

THAT'S IT! YOU ARE... I MEAN, **YOU WIN!** AND FOR THAT ANSWER, WE HAVE A **SPECIAL PRIZE!**

**HOORAY! POP WON! EE-YOW!**

AND IN A LITTLE WHILE...

HI, MR. O'TOOLE! CONGRATS!

WOT DID YOU WIN, POP?

I DON'T KNOW... HE ASKED ME NOT TO OPEN IT THERE! BUT IT'S PROBABLY WORTH **THOUSANDS!** HE SAID IT WAS A **GEM**... AND THAT IT WOULD **MAKE MY EYES SHINE!**

**BAM!**

HE WASN'T KIDDIN'! BOY, ARE THEY **SHINERS!**

THE END!



# STARLET O'HARA

...9M...  
HOLLYWOOD

STARLET, LET'S GRAB A BITE AT THE COUNTER IN THIS DRIVE-IN AND THEN TAKE IN THAT NEW VAN JOHNSON PICTURE!

GOOD IDEA, FRITZI! THEY GO IN FOR FAST SERVICE HERE, AND WE CAN MAKE IT IN TIME FOR THE FIRST FEATURE! ...I HATE COMING IN ON THE MIDDLE OF A PICTURE!



WHAT'LL IT BE, GALS?

HAM SANDWICH AND MILK, PLEASE!

SAME HERE!

HEY DON! ONE ORDER OF FRIBS AND A 'BURGER...AN' MAKE IT SNAPPY! THE FELLA IN THIS BUICK IS IN A HURRY!

OKAY, JEAN!...AND A CAD CONVERTIBLE JUST DROVE IN! GET THEIR ORDER TOO, HUH?





WOW! SOME CAR, HUH, STARLET?  
BET IT COST AT LEAST...



OH MY GOSH, STARLET! YOU KNOW WHO  
THAT IS IN THAT CADILLAC? FRANK CAPRI,  
THE FAMOUS PRODUCER!

HOW DO YOU KNOW?  
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN  
HIM BEFORE!



NOT IN PERSON, BUT A  
LONG TIME AGO, I SAW  
HIS PICTURE IN A MOVIE  
MAGAZINE! IT'S HIM,  
ALL RIGHT... I NEVER  
FORGET A FACE!

IT MUST'VE BEEN  
A LONG TIME AGO,  
BECAUSE SINCE HE  
BECAME FAMOUS, THEY  
SAY HE HATES  
PUBLICITY OF ANY  
KIND!



SURE HE DOES, AND  
YOU KNOW WHY?...  
BECAUSE HE DOESN'T  
WANT THE PUBLIC  
TO RECOGNIZE  
HIM!

BUT WHY NOT? MY GOSH,  
WHEN I GET MY BREAK  
AND BECOME A STAR,  
I'LL WANT FOLKS TO  
RECOGNIZE ME!



I'LL TELL YOU WHY NOT!  
HE'S DISCOVERED MORE STARS  
THAN ANYONE IN HOLLYWOOD,  
AND THIS IS HOW HE DOES  
IT! HE GOES OUT AND  
OBSERVES PEOPLE...AND  
PICKS OUT THOSE THAT  
SHOW SOME TALENT!

NO KIDDIN'?  
GOSH, IF THERE  
WERE JUST  
SOME WAY WE  
COULD LET HIM  
SEE HOW  
TALENTED WE  
ARE, HE MIGHT...







THERE IS A WAY...AND I KNOW WHAT IT IS! C'MON!



LISTEN, JEAN! HOW'D YOU AND THE OTHER CAR HOP LIKE TO MAKE TEN BUCKS...AND TAKE THE EVENING OFF BESIDES? ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LET ME AND MY FRIEND TAKE OVER YOUR JOBS!...OKAY?

HEY, SURE!...I'LL GET SUSAN AND MEET YOU IN THE DRESSING ROOM! YOU CAN PUT ON OUR UNIFORMS THERE!



NOW REMEMBER, DON'T LET DON SEE YOUR FACES WHEN YOU PICK UP YOUR ORDERS! HE'D TELL THE BOSS ABOUT THIS AND WE'D BE FIRED!

OKAY, WE'LL SEE TO IT THAT HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE US!

LOOK, FRITZI! NOW THAT I'M IN THIS UP TO MY NECK, WHAT'S THE ANGLE?



THIS IS IT! WE'RE GOING TO SHOW CAPRI JUST HOW TALENTED WE ARE! DO EVERYTHING WE KNOW! DANCE, SING, ACT! BUT IT'S GOTTA BE SUBTLE! IF HE KNEW WE WERE DOING IT FOR HIS BENEFIT, HE'D IGNORE US!

I GET IT! AND AS CAR HOPS, WE CAN KINDA WORK IT ALL INTO OUR WORK--SO HE'LL THINK WE'RE ALWAYS LIKE THAT!



JEAN! WHERE IN! @?..! ARE YOU? I SAID TO GET THAT CADILLAC'S ORDER! AND SUSAN! SU-SAN! THERE'S SIX MORE CARS WAITING!

BETTER GET GOING, FRITZI! YOU FIRST... AND REMEMBER YOUR DICTION! PRODUCERS ARE ALWAYS CONCERNED WITH HOW WELL YOU SPEAK!

LADIES LOUNGE

YEAH! YEAH!



DICTION! DICTION! GOTTA SPEAK WELL!...WHAT'S THAT DICTION EXERCISE? ...OH, YEAH! 'HOW NOW, BR-R-R-OWN COW! HOW NOW, BA-RRR-R-OWN COW! HOW...JEEPERS, I'M NERVOUS!

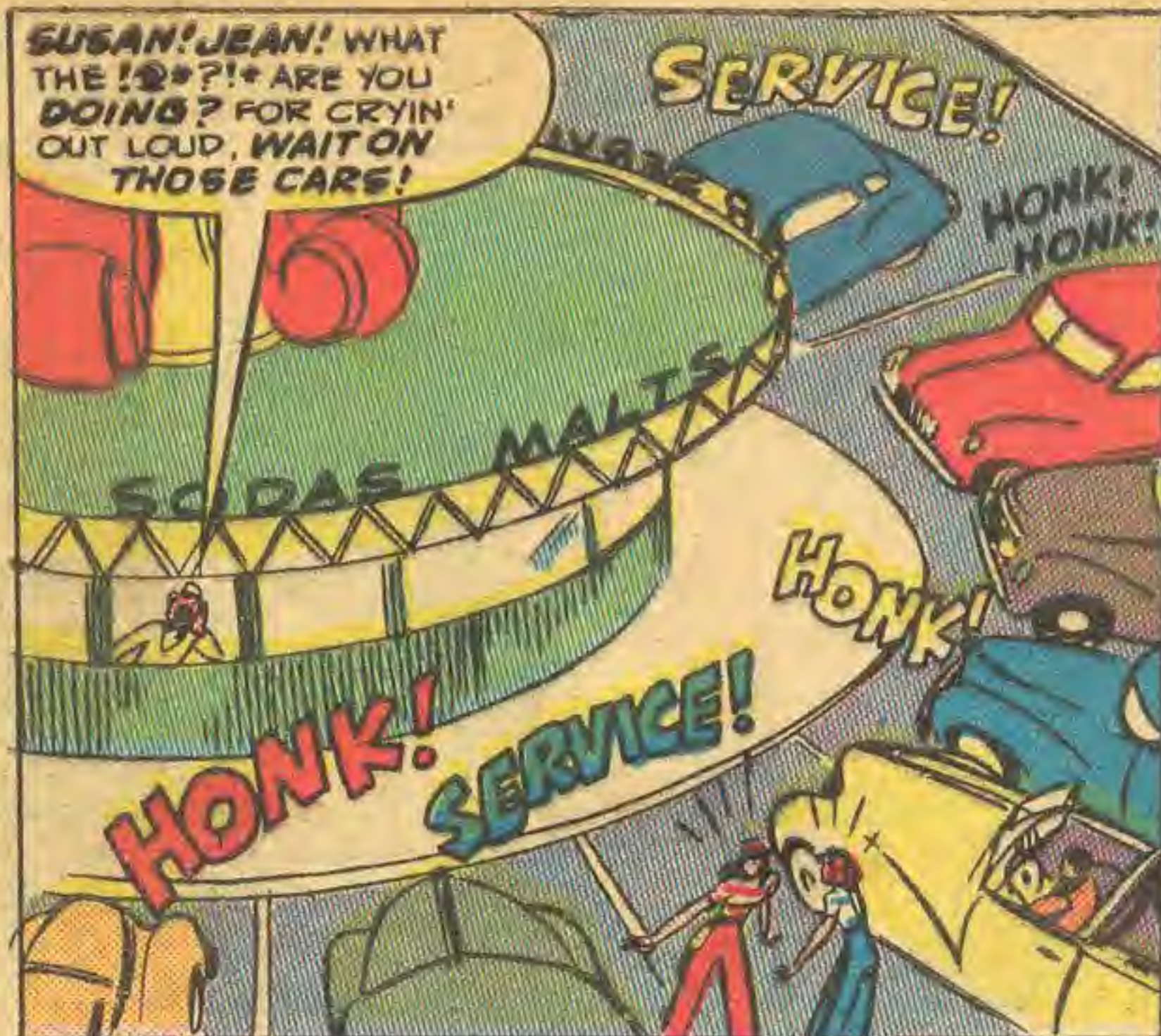
















OKAY, LET'S GO! ...  
AND SING AS WELL  
AS DANCE IT!

REET!

YOU'RE TOO DANGEROUS,  
CHERIE...



...TOO DANGEROUS FOR ME!  
I KNOW I CAN'T RE-SISST  
YOU...

WHAT THE... HAVE  
THEY BLOWN THEIR  
WIGGS?... SUSAN!  
JEAN! HEY!



STOP IT, YA HEAR? STOP, YA  
DIZZY DAMES! YA WANT THE  
BOSS TA SHOW UP AN' SEE  
YOU? THAT'S SOME WAY TO  
DELIVER ORDERS!  
**CUT IT OUT!**



C'MON,  
C'MON!  
WHERE'S MY  
HAMBURGER?  
GIMME MY  
COKE!

GULP! ...IT'S NO  
USE, FRITZI! WE'VE  
GOTTA STOP! THAT  
CHARACTER IS LIABLE  
TO COME OUT  
ANY MINUTE  
AND SEE WHO  
WE ARE!

AND JUST  
WHEN WE  
MIGHTA REALLY  
MADE THAT  
PRODUCER  
REALIZE HOW  
TALENTED WE  
ARE AND...AND  
MAYBE LAND  
FILM CONTRACTS!



TERRIFIC! WONDERFUL!  
KEEP IT UP, GIRLS! WOW!  
WHAT NATURAL TALENT!  
WHY, EVEN YOUR JOBS CAN'T  
KEEP IT FROM COMING OUT!  
MORE...IT'S TERRIFIC!

STARLET! LOOK!  
TH-THAT PRODUCER'S  
ENJOYING OUR ACT!  
HE...HE'S NOTICED  
US! MY PLAN'S  
WORKING!

CLAP!

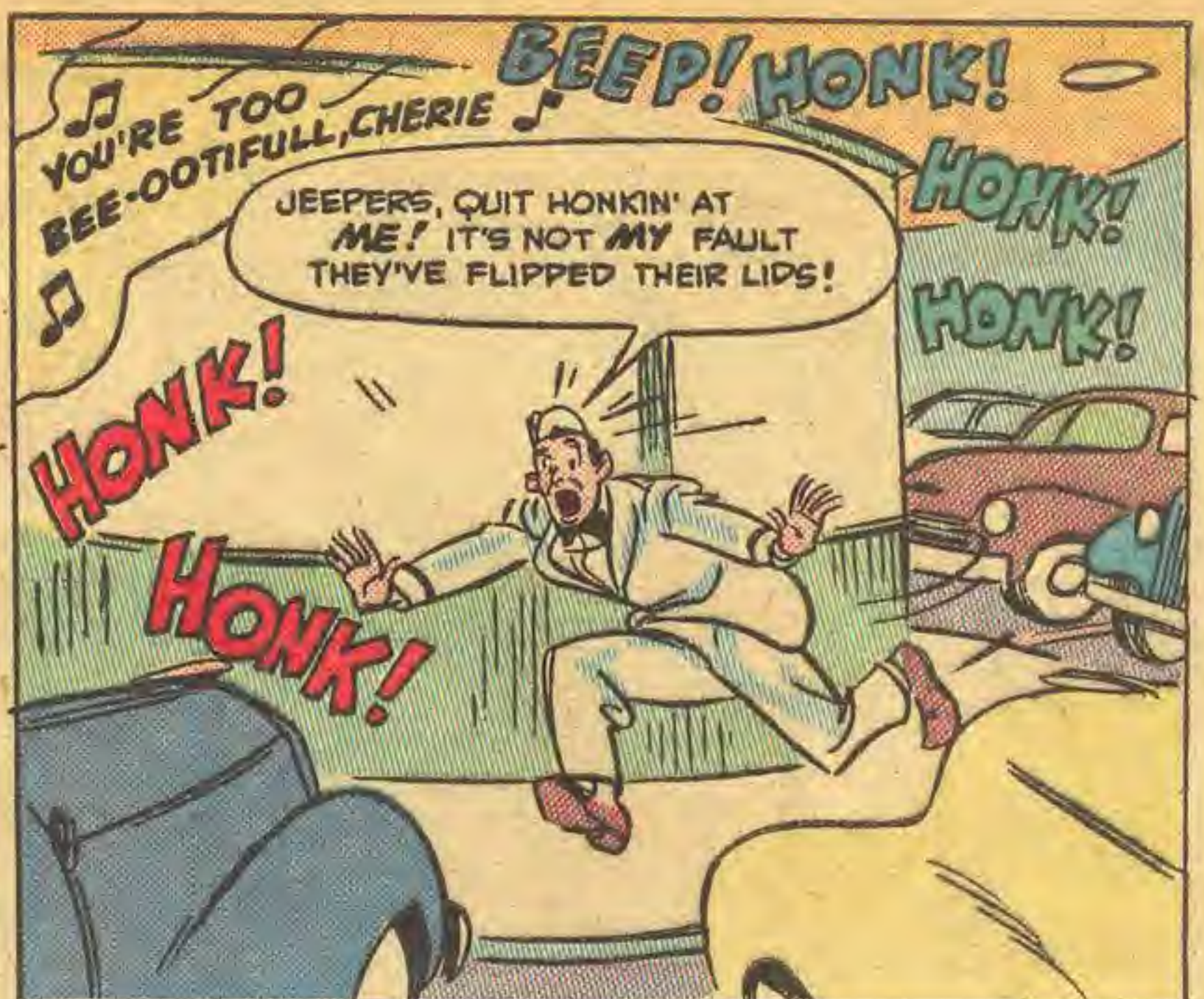


TO HECK WITH THAT  
COUNTERMAN...WE CAN'T  
STOP NOW! WE'RE  
PRACTICALLY ON THE  
VERGE OF LANDING  
A COUPLA MOVIE  
CONTRACTS! LET'S  
GO!

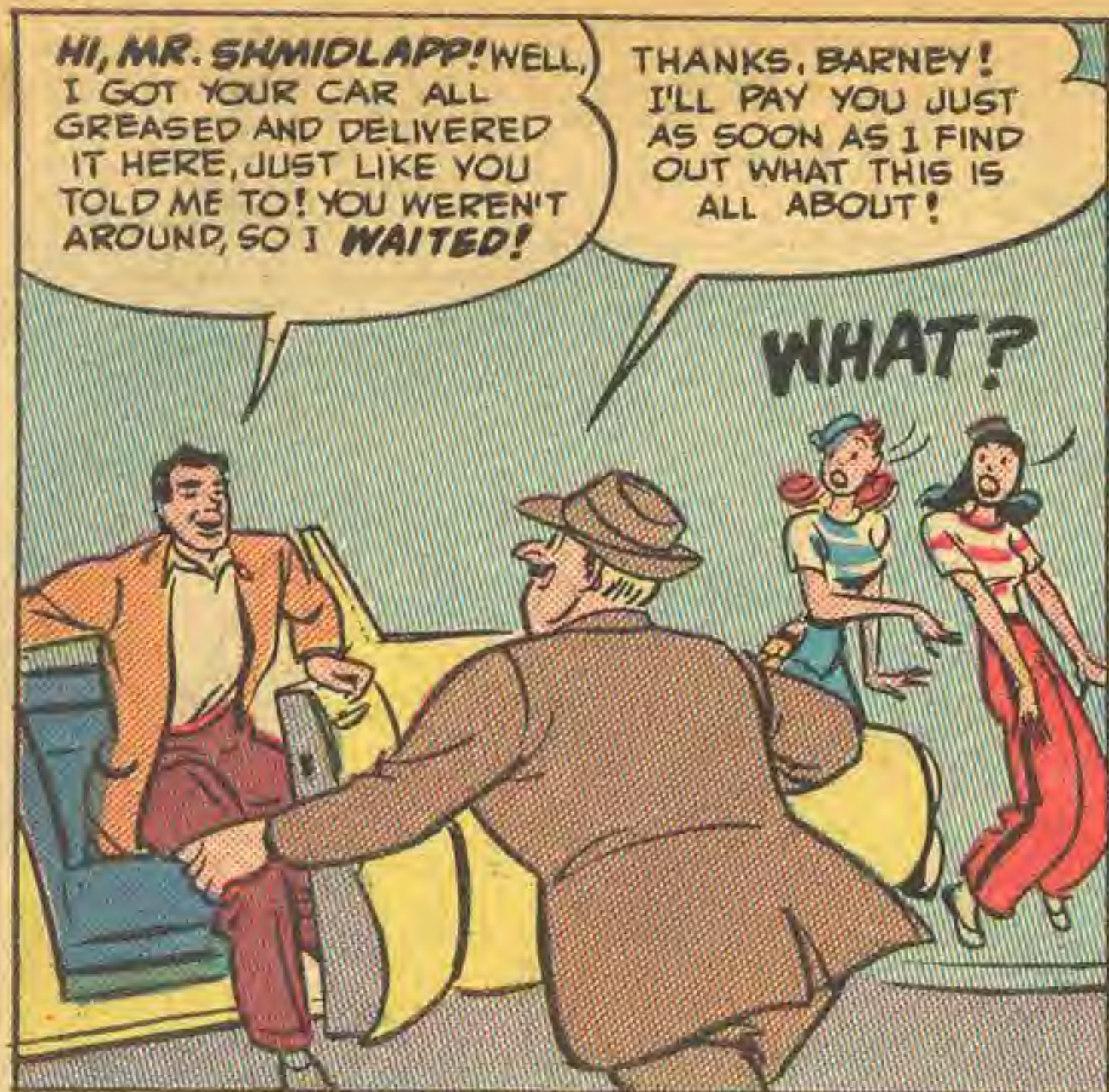
HEY!  
MY COKE! WHERE'S  
MY HAMBURGER?

GET YOUR  
OWN HAMBURGER,  
FRIEND... WE'RE  
BUSY!









HIS...HIS NAME IS **B-BARNEY!** HE'S NOT CAPRI, THE PRODUCER! HE'S A **SERVICE STATION ATTENDANT!**

THEY'RE THE TROUBLE-MAKERS, GIRL! THEY DID AWAY WITH JEAN AND SUSAN, AN' THEN STARTED **DANCIN', SINGIN' AN' ACTIN'!** THEY'RE THE CAUSE OF IT ALL!

THEY ARE, EH?



YOUNG LADIES, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS HAS ALL BEEN ABOUT... UNDOUBTEDLY YOU HAD **PERSONAL** REASONS FOR DOING IT! BUT ANYWAY, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR GIVING ME THE **GREATEST BUSINESS-BUILDING IDEA I'VE EVER SEEN!**



LATER... ⚡

SO THAT WAS **FRANK CAPRI, THE PRODUCER, EH?** YOU NEVER FORGET A FACE! SO HELP ME, FRITZI, IF I EVER LISTEN TO YOU AGAIN, I'LL...

WELL, GOSH, STARLET, CAN'T A PERSON MAKE A MISTAKE **SOMETIME?**... AND BESIDES, IT WAS A DARNED PROFITABLE EVENING! WE SAVED A BUCK APIECE BY NOT GOING TO THE MOVIE IN THE FIRST PLACE!





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GENUINE FIBRE

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Only \$4.98  
For Coupe or  
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Complete Set of  
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Expensive  
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STURDY!

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TAKES A FEW MINUTES!

(on all make cars)

Specify style for YOUR car.

TYPE A — Solid back for 4-door sedan... front or rear. Rear for coach or coupe.

TYPE B — Divided back, solid seat for front coupe or coach.

TYPE C — Individual seats or bucket type for divided back and seat.



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Gentlemen: Kindly rush LUXURY Seat Covers on special 5-day Money-Back Inspection Offer.

Color ..... 2nd Color .....

☐ Full set front & back covers \$8.95. My car is a 19.....  
Make.....

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☐ Back seat cover only, \$4.98.

☐ Type A ☐ Type B ☐ Type C

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Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....  
(PLEASE PRINT)

☐ \$..... purchase price enclosed. You pay postage.

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with 5-Day FREE Trial



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**SING! TALK! ACT! PLAY ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT!**

**ENJOY MAKING RECORDS IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME**

Now you can make records of your singing, talking, reciting, or instrument playing right in your own home! No longer need the high price of recording machines or studio facilities prevent you or your family from hearing their own voice or playing. *No Experience Necessary.* Set up the **NEW HOME RECORD MAKER**, play, talk, or sing, and immediately you have a record which you and your friends can enjoy.



**MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS at HOME**

**D-A-D-D-Y  
M-O-M-M-Y**



Record your child's voice catch those precious moments.

**IT'S AMAZINGLY SIMPLE!**

Make records right in your own home by just singing, talking, acting, or playing a musical instrument into your own record player using a **NEW HOME RECORD MAKING UNIT**. This wonderful little unit records on the blank records furnished with your recording kit. No processing of the record required... just make your recording and it is immediately ready for playback. **USE THE NEW HOME RECORD MAKER** with most any standard record player—hand winding, portable, radio-phono combination or electrical phonographs operating on either AC or DC.



**SING**



**PLAY**



**GREETINGS**



**RADIO PROGRAMS**



**BABY'S VOICE**

**PLAYS BACK AT ONCE**

Record jokes, imitations, voices and instruments — and play for happy, happy memories. You can play new record at once! Give yourself, your family and friends a thrill! Records can be played back on **ANY** phonograph.

**SING - PLAY - TALK**

Have lots of fun! Record voices of seldom-seen but well-loved friends and dear ones. Make greeting records — Birthday, Anniversary Greetings for your loved ones.

**EASY AS SPEAKING INTO A PHONE**

Use your **NEW HOME RECORD MAKER** anytime and perform as comfortably as you'd talk on the telephone — needs no special "recording technique." *No experience necessary.*

**What is the Recordograph?**

The recordograph is an accoustical device for making home recordings to be used with a record player or turn-table.

**WHAT DO I GET?**

You get the complete unit needed to make recordings at home. Accoustic recording head, special recording needle, playback needles, 2 two-sided records (enough for 4 recordings), spiral feeding attachment and complete easy to follow directions.



**Records for 4 Recordings Included**

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Send entire **RECORD MAKING OUTFIT**, including 2 blank two-sided records.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$4.98 plus postage.
- ☐ Send additional blank records at \$2 per dozen.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, Zone, State \_\_\_\_\_

- ☐ I enclose \$4.98, send complete outfit postpaid.

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**only 4.98**  
**COMPLETE**

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You don't have to send a cent. Just fill in coupon and mail today to get your complete **NEW HOME RECORD MAKER**. Sent C.O.D. for only \$4.98 plus postage and C.O.D. . . . or send check or money order for \$4.98 and we pay postage.

Additional blank records \$2.00 per dozen (24 sides)